

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
ENGLISH DRAMA.

VOL. IV.



T H E
B E A U T I E S
 O F T H E
E N G L I S H D R A M A ;

DIGESTED

Alphabetically according to the Date of their
 Performances.

Consisting of the most celebrated
 Passages, Soliloques, Similies, Descriptions,

AND OTHER

P O E T I C A L B E A U T I E S

Contained in the Works of

SHAKESPEARE	ADDISON	STEELE	SMOLLET
JOHNSON	ROWE	DAVENANT	PHILIPS
DRYDEN	YOUNG	RAWLEY	MASON
LEE	MALLETT	LILLY	FROWDE
OTWAY	FRANCIS	HILL	HAVARD
BEAUMONT	MILLER	HOMER	DENNIS
FLETCHER	SHIRLEY	CONGREVE	DUNCOMBE
MASSINGER	CHAPMAN	SAVAGE	MURPHY
LANDSDOWN	GLOVER	WHITEHEAD	CUMBERLAND
DENHAM	MIDDLETON	S. JOHNSON	BROOKE
SOUTHERN	C. JOHNSON	MILTON	KELLY, &c. &c.

With a copious Index to the Subjects, and a List of
 the Plays made use of in the Work.

I N F O U R V O L U M E S .

V O L . I V .

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row. 1777.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

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THE
B E A U T I E S
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ENGLISH DRAMA.

REPROOF.

FORBEAR sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

SHAKESPEARE'S Cymbeline.

Thou turnest my eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grand spots
As will not leave their tincts.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

If any one chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
Let him should shame to act them: My strict hand
Was made to seize on Vice, and, with a gripe,

R E P

Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,
As lick up ev'ry idle vanity.

B. JOHNSON'S Every Man out of his Humour.

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink;
But I will ring thee such a piece of chiding
Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm;
That thunder with less violence cleaves the air,
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrake voice,
Shall be thy constant music.

RANDOLPH'S Jealous Lover.

Do not with too severe
A harshness chide the error of his Love;
Lest like a chrystal stream, which, unoppos'd
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stopp'd o' th' sudden, his calm nature riot
Into a wilful fury, and persist
In his intended fancy?

GLAPTHORNE'S Albertus Wallenstein.

As from water
Cast on bitumen, so from these sharp checks
My flame encreaseth.

NASS'S Hannibal and Scipio.

You have heard
The fiction of the north-wind and the sun,
Both working on a traveller, and contending
Which had most power to take his cloak from him:
Which, when the wind attempted, he roar'd out
Outrageous blasts at him, to force it off,
Then he wrapt it closer on: When the calm sun
(The wind once leaving) charg'd him with still beam
Quiet, and fervent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat:
Like whom should men do; if ye wish your wives
Should leave dislik'd things, seek it not with rage;
For that enrages: What ye give, ye have:
But use calm warnings, and kind manly means;
And that in wives, most prostitute, will win

Not only sure amends, but makes us wives,
Better than those who ne'er led faulty lives.

CHAPMAN's Revenge of Bussy D'Amboise

Prithee forgive me :

I did but chide in jest ; the best loves use it

Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.

When we invite our best friends to a feast,

'Tis not all sweet-meats that we set before them ;

There's somewhat sharp and salt both to whet appetite,

And make them taste their wine well : So methinks

After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,

A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

MIDDLETON's Women beware Women.

R E P U T A T I O N.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is spotless Reputation : That away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.

Not being the worst stands in some rank of praise.

SHAKESPEARE's King Lear,

The gravity and stilness of your youth,

The world hath noted ; and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your Reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

Oh, I have lost my Reputation !

I have lost th' immortal part of myself,

And what remains is bestial.

Ibid,

Good name in man or woman

Is the immediate jewel of our souls.

B 2

Who

R E P

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enricheth him,
But makes me poor indeed.

Ibid.

The talking world may persecute her name,
Her Honour bleeds not, when they wound her Fame;
Honour's the soul, which nought but Guilt can wound
Fame is the trumpet which the people sound.

DAVENANT'S Siege of Rhodes.

O Reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh

Dost thou know what Reputation is?
Upon a time, Reputation, Love, and Death,
Wou'd travel o'er the world; and 'twas concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told 'em they should find him in great battles
Or cities visited with plagues: Love gives them
counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of; and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left 'em
By their dead parents: But, says Reputation,
Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.

WEBSTER'S Unfortunate Dutchess, &c.

What tho' her outward charms attract the eye,
Virtue, the gem within, is long since faded!
Her Fame, like flesh, that blackens in the sky,
Is blown and bloated by the breath of thousands.

No

Now, as a man, weigh well e'er you resolve;
For when a woman's Reputation's gone,
All that repenting Virtue can inspire,
Can never fix it in its state again.

SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.

Those who murder Fame
Kill more than life-destroyers—Think again!
For, at that day, when each must stand arraign'd
Their lots will fall in the severest fires. *Ibid.*

Had he unjustly fallen, your name had then
Been stain'd to latest times with foul reproach.
And what more dreadful, more to be abhor'd,
Than to be known with infamy for ever!

PATERSON'S Arminius.

RESIGNATION.

Our lot, or good, or bad, 'tis Heav'n appoints,
And Heav'n's decrees are righteous!

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

Augment the woes! complete the dismal scene!
And to a breathless bridegroom, add the fight
Of all the joys I ever yet have known,
Sacrifice to Death in thee, my father!
Sigh might heave, a silent tear descend,
Might lament, but never would accuse:
When then should Grief a victim fall to Hope
Or restoration in another world. *Ibid.*

Fair Affliction! be thy soul at peace;
Meant not to awake, but hush thy sorrows;
Yet think that Resignation is a duty;
For righteous ever is the will of Heav'n.

CIBBER'S King John.

Accuse not Heav'n's high will
Or struggle with the ten fold chain of Fate
That links thee to thy woes! O, rather yield,

And wait the happier hour, when Innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to Heav'n. *BROWN'S Barbareffa.*

Bid her remember that the ways of Heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just: That oft some guardian pow'r
Attends unseen, to save the innocent!
But if high Heav'n decrees our fall,—O bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke; prepar'd alike
To live or die. *Ibid.*

R E S O L U T I O N.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry:
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany:
For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
Which aims at nothing but a regal crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprizes.
Were they enchanted in grim Pluto's court,
And kept for treasure 'mong his hellish crew,
I'd either quell the triple Cerberus,
And all the army of his hateful hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched Sisyphus.

SHAKESPEARE'S Locrine.

Experience teacheth us,
That resolution's a sole help at need:
And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in ev'ry enterprize:
Then since there is no way, but fight or die,
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

Ibid.

— Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust:

Gower.

Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging Horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviour from the great,
 Grow great by your example; and put on
 The dauntless spirit of Resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field;
 Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 Oh, let it not be said! forage, and run
 To meet Displeasure farther from the doors;
 And grapple with him, 'ere he come so nigh.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood; but, out affection
 All bond and privilege of Nature break:
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that cur'tsy worth, or those dove's eyes
 Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others; my mother bows,
 As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod, and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, "deny not." Let the Volscians
 Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

Tell fools of fools,
 And those effeminate cowards that do dream
 Of those fantastic other worlds: there is
 Not such a thing in nature: all the soul
 Of man is Resolution; which expires

RES

Never from valiant men, till their last breath;
And then with it, like to a flame extinguish'd,
For want of matter, it does not die, but
Rather ceases to live *CHAPMAN'S Revenge of Honour.*

—————The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd I dare defy thee still:
Torture thou may'st; but thou shalt ne'er despise me:
The blood will follow where the knife is driv'n;
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;
And sighs and cries by Nature grow on pain:
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

YOUNG'S Revenge.

—————Believe me,
That when the wind of Promise and of Hope
Stretches the canvas out of Resolution,
The bark, Design, flies swift before the gale,
And quickly anchors in Good-Fortune's bay;
Then we unlade our freight of doubts and fears,
And barter them for happiness and glory.

HAVARD'S Charles I.

This man has step'd into the stream of mischief;
Just like the boy, who tries the water's cold,
And shrinking pulls his foot to land: Men, like me,
Plunge boldly in, and weather to the point. *Ibid.*

Preach patience to thy slaves, and not to me,
I am a Roman—what are my crimes?—proclaim 'em;
Am I too rich; too honest for these times?
Have I or treasures, jewels, house or lands,
Which some informer gapes for? is my strength
Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?
These, in our present state, are counted crimes.

GENTLEMAN'S Sejanus.

R E.

R E T

R E T I R E M E N T.

Has not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the anxious court?
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!

SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

1. Now for our mountain sport up to yon hill;
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider;
When you above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than rusting in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that make them fine,
Yet keeps his hook uncross'd; no life to ours.

2. Out of your proof you speak! we, poor unfledg'd,
Have neither wing'd from view o'th' nest; or know,
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known: Well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed,
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

3. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear

(B 15) yfand idgrwob The

And elegancy of life) found 'mongst shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse us.
The name of Envy is a stranger here,
That dries men's blood abroad, robs health and rest:
Why here's no such Fury thought on, no nor Falshood,
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Nice Valour.

None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, tho' far below our pitch
Of fortune plac'd, enjoy a wealth above us:
To whom the earth with true and bounteous justice
Free from War's cares returns an easy food.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd
With several blessings, such as greatest kings
Might in vain desire.

The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? we have seen nothing;
 We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
 Live warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a choir as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

1. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
 Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
 The fear's as bad as falling.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Cymbeline*.

Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
 For tho' 'tis true, this solitary life
 Suits not with youth and beauty; O, my child!
 Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
 Chaste names from court aspersions: there a lady
 Tender and delicate in years and graces,
 That doats upon the charms of Ease and Pleasure,
 Is shipwreck'd on the shore! for 'tis much safer
 To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
 Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
 Of Luxury and Sloth.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Laws of Candy*.

I see there is no man but may make his Paradise,
 And it is nothing but his love and dotage
 Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
 For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,
 Is still in Paradise; and has his innocence
 Partly allow'd for his companion too,
 As much as stands with justice; here no eyes
 Shoot their sharp pointed scorn upon my shame;
 They know no terms of reputation here,
 No punctual limits, or precise dimensions;
 Plain downright honesty (all the beauty

Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

2. 'Tis true, Crispinus, greatest monarchs oft
Have in the midst of all their careful glories
Desir'd such lives as those plain people lead.

1. Let us enjoy that happiness then, Lucius,
The country sports and recreations,
And friends as innocent as we, with whom
We need not fear the strength of richest wine
In drawing out our secrets: but, well fill'd,
At supper time, may hold a free discourse
Of Caesar's weakness; of the wealth and pride
Of his freed men; how lordly Pallas rules;
How fierce and cruel Agrippina is;
What slaves the Roman senate are become;
And yet next morning wake with Confidence.

MAY: Agrippina.

Ah prince! hadst thou but known the joys which dwell

B 6

With

With humble fortunes, thou would'st curse thy royalty
 Had Fate allotted us some obscure village,
 Where only blest with life's necessities
 We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
 Free from the cares which crowns and empires bring!
 There no step-mother no ambitious mother,
 No wicked statesman, would with impious arts
 Have strove to wrest from us our small inheritance,
 Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction!
 Our nights had been all blest with balmy slumbers,
 And all our waking hours been crown'd with love!

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Fly with me to some safe, some sacred privacy,
 There charm my senses with Semanthe's accents,
 There pour thy balm into my love-sick soul,
 And heal my cares for ever.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Within an antient forest's ample verge,
 There stands a lonely, but a healthful dwelling,
 Built for convenience and the use of life:
 Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
 A little garden, and a limpid brook,
 By Nature's own contrivance seem dispos'd;
 No neighbours but a few poor simple clowns,
 Honest and true, with a well meaning priest;
 No Faction or domestic Fury's rage,
 Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands;
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest
 In humble virtues, and a rural life!
 There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
 Content thyself to be obscurely good!
 When Vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of Honour is a private station.

Addison's Cato.

—I fly

————— I fly from Care and Strife,
And gently tread the downy path of life :
No more expose myself to Fortune's sport,
The noise of war or whispers of a court :
In letter'd Solitude unenvied reign,
Admire the hills, but live upon the plain.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,
Sweat in the eye of day, and when night comes
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds and never think;
For if I think again, I shall go mad. *Ibid.*

————— Let Love prevail,
And guide our steps to unfrequented scenes
Of rural Freedom, Innocence, and Ease :
Your passions, hush'd on Adeliza's bosom,
Ambition, Hate, Revenge shall die away :
And these fond folding arms bound all your wishes :
In peace we'll pass the day, in love the night,
Safe from the storms that rock the world around us :
And dwelling with the villager, Content,
Laugh at the gilded thorns that plant a crown.

JEFFREY'S Edwin.

————— We'll fly unto some distant place
Out of the reach of Fortune or its frowns,
And there seek out some rural sweet retreat,
Beneath the shelter of a silvan shade,
That neighbouring to it has a murmur'ing brook
Gliding its silver current gently on,
So clear, that at all times may be discern'd
The shining gravel and the pearly shells :
The finny fry, as numberless as sands,
Cutting in sportive play the limpid stream.

WANDSFORD'S Fatal Love.

I have a little villa in the Abruzzo,
A limpid brook waters its verdant meads,

And

And various scenes of woodland, hill, and dale,
 Diversify the beauteous spot, replete
 With all that Nature, uncorrupted, wants;
 The cleanly mansion in a garden plac'd,
 (Tho' breathing marble people not the grots,
 Nor painted triumphs animate the wall)
 Is yet convenient——thither I'll retire.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

Glad will I throw this regal pomp aside,
 And, instant with you seek some distant country,
 Some gloomy Thracian dale, where piny Hemus
 May wrap us in impenetrable shade;
 There, there, the coarsest life, fed by hard toil,
 Will be luxurious ease to what I feel,
 To this big pang that labours at my heart
 And fires my mingling passions into anguish.

THOMSON's Agamemnon.

Yes, we will go, my sweet Ismene, go,
 Where Sorrow's sharpest eye shall fail to find us;
 Where we may mix with men, who ne'er deceiv'd,
 And women, born to be, the charms they look,
 There is a place which my Eumenes lov'd,
 Till youth's fond hope of glory dash'd his peace,
 Where Nature, plainly noble, knows no pomp;
 And Virtue moves no envy:—Quiet Plenty,
 Unartful Pleasure, unaffected Joy,
 And ever-blushing, ever-guiltless Modesty,
 Cloathe Love, and Taste, and Converse, neatly fine:
 Unloaded with their tinsels.

HILL's Merope.

How nobly does this venerable wood,
 Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
 Embofom yon fair mansion! the soft air
 Salutes me with most cool and temp'rate breath;
 And as I tread, the flow'r-besprinkled lawn
 Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
 If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,
 This was her place of dearest residence.

MASON's Elfrida.

With

With thee, my sweetest comfort, I'll retire
 From splendid palaces, and glittering throngs,
 To live embosom'd in the shades of Joy;
 Where sweet Content extends her friendly arms,
 And gives increasing Love a lasting welcome.
 With thee I'll timely fly from proud Oppression;
 Forget our sorrows, and be blest'd for ever.

JONES's Earl of Essex.

Then let us hence from this detested place;
 My rescu'd soul disdains the house of Greatness,
 Where humble Honesty can find no shelter.
 From hence we'll fly where Love and Virtue call,
 Where Happiness invites—that wish of all;
 With sweet Content enjoy each blissful hour,
 Beyond the smiles of Fraud, or frowns of Power.

Ibid.

—————O, could I fly
 To some brown desert, far remov'd from man,
 And in the shade of some poor lonely tree,
 Beside a ling'ring stream, in silence sit,
 And muse from morn to eve, from eve to morn.
 Or tell my sister of the sky, that wanes
 With me apace, the story of my woe;
 There undisturb'd, I might devour my grief,
 Like some sad ghost, that nightly sits alone,
 Pale, bending o'er the slowly twinkling flame
 Of a decaying meteor.

Dome's Sethona.

R E T R E A T.

Proud in his loss, and rising in his fall,
 He at the last, retreated like a lion,
 Whom a whole band of huntsmen having found,
 And dar'd to raise, he rolls his eyes around,
 Lashing his sides, and tearing up the ground:
 With trouble from th' unequal skirmish goes,
 Majestic stalks along, and turns upon his foes.

R E.

R E V E N G E. See JEALOUSY.

Revenge and Pleasure

Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of true Decision.

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

Vengeance in my heart, Death in my hand !

Blood and Revenge are brooding in my scull !

SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.

Now might I do it, now he's praying :

And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to Heaven !

And so I am reveng'd ! That would be scann'd ;

A villain kills my father ; and for that

I, his foul son, do this same villain send

To Heav'n ! Oh ! this is hire and salary, not Revenge !

He took my father grossly, full of bread,

With all his crimes broad blown, and fresh as May :

And how his audit stands, who knows save Heav'n,

But in our circumstance, and course of thought,

'Tis heavy with him ! Am I then reveng'd,

To take him in the purging of the soul,

When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?

No ! up sword, and know thou a more horrid bent :

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed

At gaming, swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in it !

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heav'n,

And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black

As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with wings as swift

As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,

Will sweep to my Revenge.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak ;

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more ;

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To

To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To Christian intercessions.

SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.

O that the slave had forty thousand lives,
'One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge;
I wou'd have him nine years a killing.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

'Tis brave and noble, when the falling weight
Of my own ruin crushes those I hate. *Ibid.*

Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont:
Ev'n so my bloody thoughts, with bloody pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love;
Till that a capable, and wide revenge
Swallow them up. *Ibid.*

Had all his hairs been lives, my great Revenge
Had stomach for them all. *Ibid.*

What servile rascal, what most abject slave,
That lick'd the dust where'er his master trod,
Bounded not from the earth upon his feet,
And shook his chains, that heard of Brutus' vengeance!
Who, that e'er heard the cause, applauded not
That Roman spirit for his great Revenge?

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

Oh! what a conflict do I feel! How am I
'Tols'd like a ship, 'twixt two encount'ring tides!
Love that was banish'd hence, wou'd fain return,
And force an entrance: But Revenge!
Revenge! the porter of my soul is deaf,
Deaf as the adder, and as full of poison!
Mighty Revenge! that singly can't o'erthrow
All those joint pow'rs which Nature, Virtue, Honour,
Can raise against thee. *DENHAM's Sophy.*

Let

Let not Medea's dreadful Vengeance stand
 A pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
 It may for ever be th' original !
 Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
 Till you have form'd a face of so much horror,
 That gaping furies may run frightened back !
 That Fury may devour herself for madness,
 And sad Medusa's head be turn'd to stone.

LEE's Alexander.

Yes, Alexander, now thou pay'st me well !
 Blood for a blow is interest indeed !
 Methinks I'm grown taller with the murder ;
 And standing strait on this majestic pile,
 I hit the clouds, and see the world below me. *Ibid.*

Peace then, full heart ! move like a cloud about !
 And when Time ripens thee to break, O shed
 The stock of all thy poison on his head ! *Ibid.*

————— Tho' the earth yawn'd so wide
 That all the labours of the deep were seen,
 And Alexander stood on th' other side,
 I'd leap the burning ditch to give him death,
 Or sink myself for ever ! *Ibid.*

Remember he's a man : His flesh is soft,
 And penetrable as a girl's : We've seen him wounded ;
 A stone has struck him, yet no thunderbolt :
 A pebble fell'd this Jupiter along :
 A sword has cut him, and a javelin pierc'd him ;
 A surfeit, nay, a fit of common sickness,
 Brings this immortal to the gate of Death. *Ibid.*

————— Down struggling Nature,
 Be strangl'd in me all Remorse, all thoughts
 Of Pity : Yet I will be calmly cruel,
 Nor shall he find the depth of my Revenge.

LEE's Mithridates.

What, tho' his mighty soul his grief contrains ;
 He meditates Revenge, who least complains ;

And

And like a lion, slumb'ring in his way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey :
 His fearless foes, within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws ;
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground ;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunter tears.

DRYDEN'S Absalom and Achitophel.

Revenge, the darling attribute of Heav'n !
 But man unlike his maker, bears too long,
 Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong :
 Great in forgiving, and in suff'ring brave ;
 To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.

DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.

My Vengeance, ripen'd in the womb of Time,
 Presses for birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

DRYDEN'S Duke of Guise.

My Brain runs this and that way ; 'twill not fix
 On aught but Vengeance.

Ibid.

Jealousy of Love

Greater than Fame ! Thou eldest of all passions !
 Or rather all in one ! I here invoke thee,
 Where'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, or Earth, or Hell,
 Bring me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin. *Ibid.*

Revenge, th' attribute of gods ! they stamp'd it
 With their great image on our natures.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
 And keep thy temper, for a brave Revenge
 Ne'er comes too late. *Ibid.*

A base Revenge is vengeance on myself.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

All stratagems are lawful in Revenge :

Promise,

Promise, deceive, betray, or break your trust,
Who rights his honour, cannot be unjust.

RAVENSCROFT'S Italian Husband.

That sweet Revenge comes smiling to my thoughts;
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

Will I revenge her? Yes, at such a rate,
That even the world's last age shall hear and tremble.
Oh! I will take the villain in his height!
Yes, in the height of his presumptuous pride,
And in the foam of all his blust'ring rage;
And when he's most secure, and highest soars,
Then dash him from his mountain heap'd on mountains,
And from the affectation of divinity,
Down, down to the abyss! But dash him so,
That he may feel the blow, and die blaspheming!
Humble his pride, extinguish his mad rage,
And kill the tyrant first, and then the man!

DENNIS'S Appius and Virginia.

Oh my Mandane!

The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
And in their vengeance most severely bless,
From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow,
The tyrant falls, Mandane strikes the blow.
So the fair moon when seas swell high and pour
A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore;
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant ruin is her own.

YOUNG'S Bufris.

Look down, O holy prophet! see me torture
This Christian dog, this Infidel, who dares
To smite thy vot'ries, and to spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee:

Shalt

Shall he enjoy thy Paradise below ?

Blas't the bold thought, and curse him with her charms.

Young's Revenge.

—Be propitious,
O Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge;
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others self love into our own protection ? *Ibid.*

—I'll act my vengeance
With this right-hand, I'll see th' ungrateful tyrant,
You, Zatima, retain my rival here,
Her shrieks shall waken his expiring spirit,
And point the sting of Death—Guard, guard her well,
I'll be her faithful servant still.—My hate
Defends her life—Yet, if to fear his loss
Was almost fatal,—What must be her torture
When she beholds him pale and dead before her ?
When those fair lights, that twin'd their wanton beams
With hers, and fill'd her love with curs'd delight,
Are fix'd—When those dear lips, that godlike form,
Are spoil'd of breath ; a mangled lifeless corse,
Will she not then feel these tormenting pangs
That stab my heart, rage and despair like me ?
She will, that object shall avenge her treason,
And satisfy my wrongs. *C. JOHNSON'S Sultaness.*

Come then, Revenge, and with thee bring along
Thy barbarous racks, thy scorpions, daggers, whips,
The torch of Discord, that 'twixt dearest friends,
'Twixt sisters, brothers, parents and their children
Kindles eternal hate ; at the dire blast
My nature shall be chang'd and my hot blood
Turn into gall. *BARFORD'S Virgin Queen.*

Patience ! my soul disdains its stoic maxim,
The coward's virtue, and the knave's disguise :
Oh Vengeance take me all, I'm wholly thine.
Let those suspend revenge, and bury wrongs,

Whose

Whose frozen souls unapt for nobler views,
 Can live on distant hopes, and pause on mischief,
 Let those be mute, whose bliss is ignorance,
 By priestcraft preach'd into a foolish virtue,
 And patient 'cause they know not when they're injur'd,
 Let fools contrive,
 And coward statesmen weary the long nights
 In planning dangers that they dare not face,
 And gain applause from dilatory counsels;
 The great but think of glory and revenge.

BECKINGHAM'S Henry IV. of France.

Revenge is laudable
 When resentment's just; nor should cold Delay
 Retard one moment th' executing stroke,
 When Vengeance once is ripe and fit for birth,
 Lest Pity and Remorse unman your hand.

WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.

Let 'em centre in revenge,
 The sun's expanded beams are weak and faint,
 But burn and blaze collected in a point;
 And to this point all my actions turn,
 My vengeance.

MARTYN'S Timoleon.

Come ye sister-furies!
 Daughters of Hate and Hell! arise, inflame
 My murderous purpose; pour into my veins
 Your gall, your scorpion fellness, your keen horrors,
 That sting to madness: till my burning vengeance
 Hath her full draught of blood.

MALLET'S Euridice.

My soul exults, dilated; the big hope
 Of Vengeance is in view.—One only day!
 Between the rising and the setting sun,
 Three of my foes must die; the guilty husband,
 The father and the bride. How shall I end them?
 Ten thousand ways croud on my raptur'd brain,
 And each demands precedence. Oh! my heart

Bounds

Bounds lightly, and springs forward to the work,
Disburthen'd of her anguish:—Godlike Vengeance,
C. JOHNSON'S Medea.

Inspire me, great Revenge, to shape my course,
That no appearance of Design be seen.
Haste to Craterus, as a slave inform him,
Thy mistress might, perhaps, clear up the plot:
Throw't in his way to force detection from me:
This shall have good effect. The specious truth,
That seems extorted, shall have double weight;
It cannot fail: I'll feast me on the thought;
And while Revenge, to make more sure the blow,
Like Age, proceeds with cautious steps, and slow;
From tardy Time, that may my hopes destroy,
Eager I'll snatch the bliss, and ruminatè my joy.
FROWDE'S Philotas.

Come then, Revenge, thou banquet of the gods,
And let me gorge my rav'nous appetite.
Inspire me, Nemesis, thou subtlest fury,
Drive from my soul the weakness of my sex,
And make me masculine in my attempts.
Some women have done wonders in their rage!
Why should not I, for I have cause prodigious!
Nature, for ever here I banish thee:
Remorse and Conscience, Pity, all farewell;
Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

BANCROFT'S Fall of Mortimer.

To the just gods, not us, pertaineth Vengeance.
THOMSON'S Agamemnon.

Come, dire Revenge! thou melancholy god!
That comforts the distress'd with shadowy hopings!
Strengthen our willing hands. *HILL'S Alzira.*

Revenge, thou com'st too sudden;
And risest to my view in such a form,
So shocking so tremendous, that my soul
Shrinks back with horror now I should embrace thee.
LYLLO'S Elmerick.

What

What saidst thou? What against the powers of Vengeance?

The gods gave honest Anger, just Revenge,
To be the awful guardians of the rights
And native dignity of human-kind.

O were it not for them, the saucy world
Would grow a noisome nest of little tyrants!
Each carrion crow, on eagle merit perch'd,
Would peck his eyes out, and the mongrel cur
At pleasure bait the lion. *THOMSON'S Coriolanus.*

He who can bear such wrong with steady mind,
Knows how with fit occasion to retort.
Wrath, wrap'd in darkness, carries certain fate,
Revenge were lost, should I profess my hate.
Vengeance shall gather like a summer storm,
No clouds shall low'r, till fiends the deed perform.
Take him, when unprepared to stand the blast,
And make one fatal stroke, the first and last.

GENTLEMAN'S Sejanus.

If this be not revenge, when it is done,
And made quite perfect; let Egyptian slaves,
Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews, brand my face,
And mark my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, boy Drusus, for to think
Thou could'st outstrip my vengeance, or withstand
The pow'r I have to crush thee into air.
Thy follies now shall feel what kind of man
They have provok'd, and thy fond father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage;
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean. *Ibid.*

Sweet Vengeance calls: Nor ever call'd a god
Such swift obedience: Like the rapid wheel,
I kindle in the course; I'm there already;
Snatch the bright weapons; bound into my seat;
Strike; triumph: See him gasping on the ground,
And life, love, empire, springing from his wound;

When

When godlike ends by means unjust succeed,
The great result adorns the daring deed.
Virtue's a shackle under fair disguise,
To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize.

YOUNG'S Brothers.

———Now Vengeance steel my heart!
Offended woman, whilst her pride remains,
To Malice only and Revenge will bow,
And every virtue at that altar sacrifice.

JONES'S Earl of Essex.

R I C H E S.

———See!
The diff'rence 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!
The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none shortly!

JOHNSON'S Staple of News.

When all sins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetousness
Does but then lie in her cradle; Letchery
Loves to dwell in the fairest lodgings, and
Covetousness in the oldest buildings.

DEKKER'S Honest Whore.

When I was blind, my son, I did miscall
My sordid vice of avarice, true thrift.
But now forget that lesson, I prithee do;
That cos'ning vice, although it seem to keep
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
And makes us more than poor.

MAY'S Old Couple.

———Plutus the god of riches,
When he is sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name, comes slowly, but when
he's sent
On the Devil's errand, he rides post, and comes in by
scuttles.

WEBSTER'S Unfortunate Dutchess.

R I V A L. See CURSE, and IMPRECATION

Love cannot, like the wind, itself convey
To fill two sails, tho' both are spread one way.

HOWARD'S Indian Queen.

When Fame's the mistress, more than one may prove
Happy at once: But 'tis not so in love!

HOWARD'S Vestal Virgin.

Lovers, like misers, cannot bear the stealth
Of the least trifle from their endless wealth.

SEDLAY'S Antony and Cleopatra.

Love, and a crown, no rivalry can bear;
All precious things are still possess'd with fear.

DARREN'S Aurengzebe.

And shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
That puny girl, that ape of my ambition!
Who cry'd for milk, when I was nurs'd in blood!
Shall she, made up of wat'ry element,
A cloud; shall she embrace my proper god,
While I am cast like lightning from his hand?
No, I must scorn to prey on common things:
Tho' hurl'd to Death by this disdainful Jove,
I will rebound to my own orb of fire,
And with the rack of all the Heav'ns expire!

LEE'S Alexander.

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love!
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms!
Doats on my conqu'ror, my dear lord, my king!
Devours his lips, eats him with hungry kisses!
She grasps him all! She, the cursed happy she!
By Heav'n I cannot bear it! 'tis too much!
I'll die, or rid me of this burning torture!
I will have remedy; I will, I will,
Or grow distracted! Madness may throw off
This mighty load, and drown the flaming passion!

Ibid.

Oh! I shall find Roxana in his arms,
And taste her kisses left upon his lips;

He

Her curs'd embraces have defil'd his body,
Nor shall I meet the wonted sweetness there,
But artificial smells, and aching odours. *Ibid.*

Methinks I see her yonder ! O the torment !
Busy for bliss, and full of expectation,
She adorns her head, and gives her eyes new lustre !
Languishes in her glass, tries all her looks ;
Steps to the door, and listens for his coming ;
Runs to the bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes !
Then lays the pillow easy for his head,
Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses !
O I am lost ! Torn with imagination !
Kill me, Cassander, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand devils ! *Ibid.*

My life ! my soul ! my all ! Octavia has him !
O fatal name to Cleopatra's love !
My kisses, my embraces now are her's.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

What ! shall Semanthe triumph in my spoils ?
Shall she enjoy him all, while I stand wishing,
And like a spirit damn'd, am robb'd of hope ?
O Hell ! it mads my reason but to think on't !
I shall become their may-game :

At their loose intervals of calmer love
She'll hang upon his lips, and beg him tell
The story of my passion o'er again !
Which he relates ; and with a scornful smile
Adds to my shame, to make the girl more vain.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

—— My fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliss :
Some earthquake should have ris'n, and rent the ground,
Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride
In agony of unaccomplish'd love.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

Ev'n Love's an empire too ! the noble soul,
Like kings, is covetous of single sway !

DRYDEN'S King Arthur.

My rival too ! his last thoughts hung on her,
 And as he parted left a blessing for her :
 Shall she be blest and I be curst for ever !
 No, since her beauty was the cause
 Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains,
 Let her like me of every joy forlorn,
 Devote the hour when such a wretch was born :
 Like me to desarts and to darkness run,
 Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun,
 Cast every good and every hope behind,
 Detest the works of Nature, loath mankind ;
 Like me with cries distracted fill the air,
 Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair,
 And prove the torments of the last despair.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

I'll not waste my curses,
 No, they shall all be carefully reserv'd
 For this detested rival.—Whoe'er he be,
 May Fortune seem to smile upon their wishes,
 But when they're just upon a brink of happiness,
 Secure of disappointment, may she then
 Sever their loves, and tear them from each other.

Yrap's Abramule.

Oh to complete
 The direful curses which I would denounce
 Against that foe who robs me of my quiet ;
 May he be satisfy'd he has a rival,
 And never know the person. So that he
 May feel the pangs and throws which I endure,
 And be as exquisite a wretch as he
 Who makes him so,—

Ibid.

Thy hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as children's undesigning friendship ;
 In Glory he's thy rival, mine in Love,
 Thee he debars from greatness, me from happiness.

Ibid.

His crime's the same
 With his who rivall'd the great thunderer,
 Therefore it is but just his punishment

Should

Should be the same which that rash fool endur'd ;
 O were it in my power to make his pains
 As lasting too like that, this bold Ixion
 Should suffer in a circle of fresh woe,
 A round of still returning torment feel;
 And groan out ages on the racking wheel.

Ibid.

My ghost shall rise,
 Shriek in thy ears, and stalk before thy eyes ;
 In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
 And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms.

Young's Buziris.

Oh ! the pain of pains,
 Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
 Gives transport, and receives it from another.

Ibid.

Who is it, tell me, who enjoys thy smile.
 There is a happy man, I swear there is,
 I know it by your coldness to your friend.
 That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
 That stings to death.
 Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
 Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
 And fall'n in love with Virtue most severe,
 Turn'd superstitious to make thee my friend ;
 Gods ! have I struggled thro' the powerful reasons,
 That strongly combated my fond resolves ;
 Was Wealth o'erlook'd and Glory of no weight,
 My parent's crown forgot, and my own conquests,
 And all to be refus'd to sooth your pride,
 And make my rival sport.

Ibid.

And did she sigh, and did she drop a tear,
 The tears she shed for me are surely mine,
 And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
 And make them an excuse for greater fondness,
 Shall I assist the villain in his joys :
 No, I will tear her from him,
 I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Ibid.

Another's

Another's passion
 Warm on that lip, another's burning arms
 Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die,
 And she consenting, wooing, growing to him;
 What golden dreams when absent did I feign,
 What lovely pictures did I draw in air,
 What luxury of thought! and see my fate!
 Shall then my slave enjoy her, and I languish
 In my triumphant car, my foot on purple,
 And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
 Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train. *Ibid.*

I never form'd a wish,
 But full fruition taught me to forget it.
 And am I lessen'd by my late success,
 And have I lost my conquest? *Ibid.*

ROME, or ROMANS, *Antient.*

The boasted mistress of the world lies now
 Dispirited beneath a load of woes,
 Open to war, and prostrate to the sword,
 Shews but a mournful remnant of its greatness,
 Where grandeur swell'd, and temples blaz'd with gold,
 A pillag'd country, and a desert world.

MOTLEY's Imperial-Captives.

Thy glory is no more; the present Rome
 Is but a shameful shadow of the old:
 You're beaten and despis'd; your Roman virtue
 And far-fam'd Roman grandeur are no more. *Ibid.*

These Romans, who condemn the thrones of kings
 By this their insolence to majesty,
 Betray the rancour of their vain ambition.
 'Tis not the King they hate, but kingly right:
 They scorn our crowns, from want of birth to wear
 them:

There's what recoils against their secret wishes,
 And turns desponding Envy into Virtue.

CICERO's Caesar in Egypt.

The

The Romans shall not hurt you—Romans cannot;
For Rome is generous as the gods themselves,
And honours, not insults, a generous foe.

THOMSON'S Sophonisba.

What, Peace with Rome?
With tyrant Rome? who trends on necks of kings,
And leads the nobles of the earth in triumph;
Who rushing impious from the robber's den,
Usurp'd dominion o'er the nations round;
Who still pursuing War's inhuman ways,
Unrighteous spread her terrors o'er the world.
Dissembling, hollow, selfish, proud, and cruel:
What War has she made justly? or, what Peace,
What equal Peace, concluded with the free;
No; Peace with her is Slavery, certain Chains,
Inexorable Fate.

PATERSON'S Arminius.

R O M E, Modern.

Her sons malicious Clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of Superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures.
'Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And War o'erwhelm them in their dreams of Vice.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

The holy sword of Rome, you see, forsakes you;
Her politics, like other mortal motives,
Begin their wiser charities at home;
Let but her pious views be gorg'd with pow'r,
Her full contentment slumbers in her chair,
And leaves Devotion for the vulgar comfort!

CLARE'S King John.

R O M E.

O, might I live to bless the happy day,
When Rome, no more, usurps tyrannic sway!

Or, that deny'd ; may our descendents see
 The land, throughout, from Superstition free :
 With kings, who fill an independent throne,
 And know no power, supreme, beside their own !

PHILIPS's Humphry Duke of Gloucester.

R O Y A L T Y.

————— When that Power, whose will is Fate,
 First call'd me to the cares of Royalty ;
 And when those cares had waken'd me to thought,
 To grave reflection : Ignorance, I found,
 Black, heavy, total, had o'erspread my realms.
 Her steril darkness, to a people rude
 As Nature, at the birth of human-kind,
 Seem'd venerable ; seem'd the proper state
 Of Greatness : And as Blindness is most vain,
 The proud barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.
 Amid this general night I turn'd my view
 Back to th' enlighten'd times of Greece and Rome,
 The times of science and of glorious deeds ;
 And saw with pleasing wonder to what heights
 Instruction and Example lift the mind !
 Their story I revolv'd ; and reverent own'd
 Their polish'd arts of rule, their human virtues ;
 The lustre and the dignity of man.
 Till, what I long admir'd, at last I try'd
 To emulate : Nor found the trial vain.
 Hence was my soul with noble aims enlarg'd,
 In war and peace Heaven seconded my cares ;
 My neighbours fear'd, my subjects blest my sway :
 But chief my family, where blood-stain'd Rage
 No longer rioted in scenes of Death.

PHILIPS's Humphry Duke of Gloucester. Mallet's Mustapha.

Is this a just return of all my care ?
 My anxious toilsome days, and watchful nights ?
 Have I sent forth a wish, that went not freighted
 With all my people's good ? Or have I life,
 Or length of days desir'd, but for their sake ?

The

The public good is all my private care.
 Have I not ever thought the meanest subject,
 Oppress'd by power, was, on his just complaint,
 Above a king? What British bosom has
 By foreign tyranny been griev'd, whose wrongs
 I have not felt as mine, as mine redress'd?
 Or have I justly made a single man
 My foe?

JONES's Earl of Essex.

O Royalty! What joys has thou to boast,
 To recompence thy cares? Ambition seems
 The passion of a god. Yet, from my throne
 Have I with envy seen the naked slave
 Rejoicing in the music of his chains,
 And singing toil away; and then, at eve,
 Returning peaceful to his couch of rest:
 Whilst I sat anxious and perplex'd with cares;
 Projecting, plotting, fearful of events:
 Or like a wounded snake, lay down to writhe,
 The sleepless night, upon a bed of state.

Dow's Setbona.

R U I N S.

Fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which no mischief can be new,
 The ruin of thy country—Thou wert built
 For such a work, and born for no less guilt.

B. JOHNSON's Cataline.

It is decreed, nor shall thy fate, O Rome!
 Resist my vow. Tho' hills were set on hills,
 And seas met seas to guard thee, I would thro';
 I'd plow up rocks, sleep as the Alps, in dust;
 And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,
 But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city.

Ibid.

I do love these ancient ruins;
 We never tread upon them, but we set
 Our foot upon some rev'rend history;

And questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopy'd their bones
Till doomiday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

WEBSTER's Duchess of Malfy.

She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin, whose broad entrance,
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ends that attend on misery
Contracted into one.

NASS's Microcosmus.

R E M O U R.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blind monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon't.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry IV.

In times like these,
The minds of men are credulous and weak:
To Rumour's shifting blast they bow and bend,
Like corn of slender reed to every wind.

MURPHY's Alonzo.

R U F F I A N.

Remorse and Pity
Are strangers to this heart. Whene'er they plead
I'm adamant: Weeping I never knew;
Nature has form'd me rough; and since stern Fortune
Denies me her best blessings (pow'r and riches)
I wage eternal war with their possessors.

MARSH's Amasis.

SAILING.

SAILING.

THE threaden sails
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottom thro' the furrow'd seas,
 Breasting the lofty surge.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,
 The baffl'd pilots turn the helm in vain;
 When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
 The rudders govern, and the ships obey.

SMITH'S *Phædra and Hippolitus.*

When to the joyous breeze we spread our sails,
 And left that bay where Simois and Scamander
 Mix with the rapid Hellespont; while Troy,
 Or what was Troy, yet wreathing smoke to Heaven,
 And Ida's woody top receding, sunk
 Beneath the trembling main, the sky was fair;
 And, wing'd our course with slender airs, we sail'd,
 Till strait, as evening fell, the fluttering gale,
 Encreasing gradual from the red north-east,
 Blew stiff and fierce; at last the tempest howl'd:
 Next morning nought but angry seas and skies
 Appear'd, conflicting round. Meantime, right on
 Our strong-ribb'd vessel drove before the blast
 That falling somewhat off its fury, gave us
 A quick auspicious voyage. Safe we pass'd
 The Cyclad isles, that, o'er the troubled deep
 Seem'd then to float amidst the mingled storm.

THOMSON'S *Agamemnon.*

Thro' storms and tempests so the sailor drives,
 Whilst every element in combat strives;
 Loud roars the thunder, fierce the lightning flies!
 Winds wildly rage! and billows tear the skies!
 Safe thro' the war her course the vessel steers,
 The haven gain'd, the pilot drops his fears;

Thence, smiling, he to smother scenes looks on,
And thinks no more of dangers past and gone.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

**SALUTATION in a MORNING to the
SULTAN.**

First Officer, behind the Throne.

—————The fragrant health
Of Morning when it shines, the gentle calm
Of Evening when its dewy shades descend,
Repose on Solyman, and make his breast
A Paradise of sweets. To him, the king
Of kings, the lord of West and East, belong
Justice and Mercy; to chastise all Vice,
And to reward all Virtue.

Second Officer, on the Left.

—————Yet this prince,
This first of monarchs, mighty, and renown'd,
Shall die ! shall die ! shall die !

Third Officer, on the Right.

—————Praise be to him
Who lives for ever. *MALLET'S Mustapha.*

S A T I R E.

I'm one whose whip of steel can, with a lash,
Imprint the characters of Shame so deep,
Ev'n in the brazen forehead of proud Sin,
That not Eternity shall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow,
Each conscious cheek grew red; and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill'd soul; while ev'ry guilty breast
Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
To be anat'miz'd by that skilful hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of Sin
By it laid open to the public scorn.

I have

I have untruss'd the proudest ; greatest tyrants
 Have quak'd below my pow'rful whip, half dead
 With expectation of the smarting jerk ;
 Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave
 A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
 Into the marrow of their fame, and lives
 Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.

RANDOLPH's Muse's Looking-glass.

S C O R N.

Oh ! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of her lip !

SHAKESPEARE's Twelfth Night.

Love will not always last,
 When urg'd with long Unkindness and Disdain !

DRYDEN's All for Love.

Since Athenais scorns thee, take again
 Your ill-tim'd honours, take 'em, take 'em, gods,
 And change me to some humble villager,
 If so, at last for toils at scorching noon,
 In mowing meadows, or in reaping fields,
 At night she will but crown me with a smile,
 Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

LEE's Theodosius.

Oh ! what a thing, ye gods, is Scorn or Pity !
 Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind ;
 Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation ;
 Let me be horrid to all apprehension ;
 Let the world shun me, so I 'scape but Scorn ! *Ibid.*

I feel your Scorn cold as the hand of Death.

DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

'Tis sweet to love ; but when with Scorn we meet,
 Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

LANSDOWN's British Inhabitant.

How shall I teach my eyes

To

To look with scorn on objects us'd to please:
Who never saw the rose, might say 'twas foul,
The sweetness known is hard to be forgot.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

Ah! can you bear Contempt? The venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases? The keen sneer,
The lewd reproaches of the rascal herd;
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?—
To sum up all in one—Can you support
The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
Or more detested pity of a rival?
Of a triumphant rival? *THOMSON'S Agamemnon.*

S C U L L.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him well, Horatio;
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and
how abhor'd my imagination is! my gorge rises at
it! Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know
not how oft. Where be your jibes now? Your gam-
bols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that
were wont to set the table in an uproar? No one
now to mark your own jeering! Quite chop-fallen!
Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her,
let her paint an inch-thick: To this favour she must
come: Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio,
tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Do'st thou think Alexander look'd o' this
fashion in the earth?

Hor. Even so, my lord.

Ham. To what base use we may return, Horatio!
Why may not Imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, Faith, not a jot: But to follow him
thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead
it;

it; as thus: Alexander died; Alexander was buried;
Alexander return'd into dust: The dust in earth; of
earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto
he was converted, might they not stop a barrel?

Imperial Caesar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

S E C R E S Y.

Be well advis'd; and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets, they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To contain them: I pray thee yet be satisfy'd,
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them: 'Tis a secret
That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance be
Spread in thy view, and kill thee seven years hence.

WEBSTER'S *Duchess of Malfy*.

S E C R E T.

Secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children and from fools.

DRYDEN'S *Marriage A-la-mode*.

We'll unlock
Our safest secrets; shed upon each other
Our tenderest cares; and quite unbar those doors
Which shall be shut to all mankind besides.

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

Be secret and discreet: Love's fairy favours
Are lost, when not conceal'd.

DRYDEN'S *Spanish Friar*.

Your thoughts are still as much your own,
As when you kept the key of your own breast.

DRYDEN'S *Duke of Guise*.

————— I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some fiend should hear,
And blab my secret out. *Ibid.*

————— 'Tis Heaven alone can tell
How fatally the secret struggles here :
With what impetuous force it beats my breast,
And tears away my quiet in its way.

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.

————— Be secret all ; be hush'd,
As urns and monuments, that never blab.
LEE'S Massacre of Paris.

He who trusts a secret to his servant,
Makes his own man his master.
DRYDEN'S Amphytrion.

A mighty secret labours in my soul ;
And like a rushing stream, breaks down the dams,
To find a vent ! *DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

————— Oh ! I will keep this secret !
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me !
SMITH'S Phædra and Hyppolitus.

Long has this secret struggl'd in my breast ;
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom. *Ibid.*

Sooner these trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks :
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

SECURITY.

————— States that never knew
A change but in their growth, which a long peace
Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,
Which being neglected, will consume itself
With its own rust : So doth Security

Eat

Eat thro' the hearts of states, while they're sleeping
And lull'd in her false quiet.

NABU'S Hannibal and Scipio.

The thunderbolt is never seen till felt,
And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure;
Be not secure; none sooner are undone,
Than those whom Confidence betrays to rest.

GENTLEMAN'S Scjanus.

S E D I T I O N.

Sedition ever treads upon the heels
Of Victory: The soldiers, when no more
Their foreign foes invite them to the field,
Taught to dispute, raise new intestine jars.

RICKINGHAM'S Scipio.

Sedition, thou art up; and in the ferment
To what may not the madding populace,
Gather'd together for they scarce know what,
Now loud proclaiming their late whisper'd griefs,
Be wrought at length?

FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.

S E L F.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry V.

Self-love never yet could look on Truth
But with blear'd beams; sleek Flatt'ry and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

B. JOHNSON'S Cynthia.

— They will be friends indeed
When dear Self-interest set on foot their rage.
Solon, thou may'st observe it thro' the world,
That Int'rest bears an universal sway.
The souls of men in general centre there,

Some

Some fight for Int'rest, some for Int'rest pray.
And were not Honesty the road to Want,
It would not be that slighted thing it is.

GENTLEMAN'S Sejanus.

SELF-CONVICTION.

Self-conviction is the path to Virtue.
An honourable candor thus adorns
Ingenuous minds; the hard and ignorant,
As 'tis with pain they look into themselves,
But little feel, and less reform their errors.

C. JOHNSON'S Medea.

SELF-MURDER.

My torch is out, and the world stands before me,
Like a black desert at the approach of night,
I'll lay me down, and stray no further on.

DAYDEN'S All for Love.

Forsaken and forlorn, when a fair prospect
Of everlasting rest stands right in view?
This load of woe that bends me to the ground,
I can with life put off: Yes, I will rush
Into the arms of Death; and shelter there;
There sleep securely all my cares away:
Nor shall the noise of Empire, or of Love,
Awaken me to wretchedness again.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

SEPARATION.

The worst that can befall is Separation!
And what is Death, but such a separation?

DANCY'S Love and Ambition.

SERAGLIO.

— The Seraglio
Is fenc'd by Mahomet's severest laws:

T

'Tis sacrifice, 'tis height of prophanation,
For vulgar feet to tread where the dread race
Of Ottoman is form'd. *C. JOHNSON'S Sultanes.*

Soon shall the dire Seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of Death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul;
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for chearful Poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heav'n,
Despair and Slav'ry, Solitude and Grief.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

S E R V A N T.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bandage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought, but provender; and when he's old,
casher'd:

Whip me such honest knaves—Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in form and vilages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they're lin'd their
coats,
Do themselves homage: These folks have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.

SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty; such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too intricate t' untie: Sooth ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels;

Bring

Bring oil to fire ; snow to their colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following,
SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wife,
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
 For many so arrive at second masters
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 For I must ever doubt, tho' ne'er so sure,
 Is not thy kindness subtle ; covetous,
 An us'ring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one ?

2. No, my worthy master ; in whose breast
 Doubt and Suspect, alas ! are plac'd too late ;
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast ;
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
SHAKESPEARE'S Timon of Athens.

Their services are, clock-like, to be set,
 Backward and forward, at their lord's command.

B. JOHNSON'S Cast is alter'd.

S E R V I C E.

Happy those times,
 When lords were stil'd fathers of families,
 And not imperious masters ! when they number'd
 Their servants almost equal with their sons,
 Or one degree beneath them ? When their labours
 Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a period
 Set to their suff'rings ! when they did not press
 Their duties or their wills beyond the pow'r
 And strength of their performance ? all things order'd
 With such decorum, as wise law-makers.
 I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
 I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough :
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve :
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou

Thou wond'rous man.
 I prythee let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig nuts;
 Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
 To cluſt'ring filberts, and ſometimes I'll get thee
 Young ſeamells from the rock.

SHAKESPEARE'S Tempeſt.

— O the inconstant
 And rotten ground of ſervice! You may ſee,
 'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter's night
 Takes a long ſlumber o'er a dying fire,
 As loath to part from't: Yet parts thence more cold,
 Then when he firſt ſate down.

WEBSTER'S Ducheſs of Malſy.

— Equal Nature faſhion'd us
 All in one mold: The bear ſerves not the bear;
 Nor the wolf the wolf: 'Twas odds of ſtrength in
 tyrants
 That pluck'd the firſt link from the golden chain
 With which that thing of things bound in the world.
 Why then, ſince we are taught by their examples,
 To love our liberty, if not command;
 Should the ſtrong ſerve the weak; the fair, deform'd
 ones?
 Or ſuch as know the cauſe of things, pay tribute
 To ignorant fools? All's but the outward głoſs
 And politic form, that does diſtinguiſh us.

MASSINGER'S Bondman.

S H A M E.

— Moon, ſtep behind ſome cloud! Some tempeſt riſe
 And blow out all the ſtars, that light the ſkies,
 To ſhroud my ſhame!

DARWIN'S Indian Emperor.

— I know not how to tell thee,

Shame

Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Oh! thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame; if only
The midnight moon, and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them;
But dig down deep, to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

Of all evils to the generous, Shame
Is the most deadly pang.

THOMSON's Sophonisba.

Shame urges on behind, unpitying Shame,
The worst of furies, whose fell aspect frights
Each tender feeling from the human breast.

THOMSON's Agamemnon.

Can you resolve on Shame?
On voluntary Shame? That only ill
The generous fear, which ills the soul itself.

Ibid.

S H E P H E R D.

To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely

SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.

S H I P.

This floating ram did bear his horns above,
All tied with ribbands ruffling in the winds;
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon;
He clamb'ring to the top of all the billows;
And then again he courtesy'd down so low,
I could not see him; till at last all side-long,
With a great crack, his belly burst in pieces.

SHAKESPEARE's Tempest.

Guion

Guion. As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something methought did rise
Like bluish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd towards the
shore :

The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall strait trees, which on the water flew ;
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow ;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas !

Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye gods ! are
these,

That float in air, and fly upon the seas ?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore ?

Guion. Alas ! they liv'd too sure : I heard them roar
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke :

I saw their words break out in fire and smoke,

Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,

And these the younger brothers of the sky :

Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight,

No mortal courage can support the fright.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

SHIPWRECK.

—O fight of woe !

Your goodly ships abandon'd to the storm,

Drive blindly with the billows ! their drench'd sails,

Whipt off, and whirl'd before the roaring wind.

* * * * *

Look ! now they climb a fearful steep, and hang

On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.

Save me ! it bursts and headlong down they reel

Into the yawning gulph. * * * * *

* * * * * Ah ! She strikes

On yonder wave-worn cliff, the fatal shock

Has doublets shiver'd her strong side, the links

Swiftly down, that soare the straining eye

Can

Can trace her tallest mast——Where is she now !
 Hid in the wild abyss, with all her crew,
 All lost for ever. *MALLETT'S Eurydice.*

S I C K N E S S.

And thus the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,
 Out of his keeper's arms. *SHAKESPEARE'S Henry IV.*

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake ! 'Tis true, this god did shake !
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
 Did loose his lustre ! I did hear him groan !
 And that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, give me some drink, Titinius,
 As a sick girl. *SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

———Physicians had forsaken his cure :
 All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within ;
 The moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature,
 Lick'd up, and in a fever fry'd away !
DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

As he who in a fever burning lies,
 First of his friends does for a dram implore,
 Which tasted once unable to give o'er,
 Knows 'tis his bane, yet still he thirsts for more !
OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

———The disease
 First on our cattle seiz'd : The generous horse,
 That bore his rider safe thro' armed ranks,
 Snapping in sunder darts and spears, then fell
 Unhurt, untouch'd ! From beasts it spread to men !
 The merry Greeks, as at their cups they sit,
 Drop in the midst of laughter ; as some huge tower,

At which men gaze astonish'd at its strength ;
 If waters undermine, and springs unseen,
 Sap its foundation, unawares comes down,
 And covers with its ruins all the place !
 So look our strong battalions, and so fall
 Whole ranks at once, and the dead lie on heaps !

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

O Chryses ! Chryses ! look on yonder camp !
 Behold whole heaps of dead, without one wound !
 Behold, how like the dead the living look !
 So near their end, that they who wait their friends
 To the last rites, are burnt on the same pile !
 The sturdy Greeks, unsinew'd by diseases,
 That firmly went, impressing deep the ground
 On which they trod, with their large lusty strides,
 Now scarcely crawl, supported on their spears.

Ibid.

I saw no king, no man—save one poor wretch,
 Who sick in bed, lay gasping for his breath ;
 His eyes, like dying lamps sunk in their sockets,
 Now glar'd, and now drew back their feeble light :
 Faintly his speech fell from his fault'ring tongue
 In interrupted accents, as he strove
 With the strong agonies that shook his limbs,
 And writh'd his tortur'd features into forms
 Hideous to sight.

BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

S I G H.

When my heart was ready with a sigh to cleave in two,
 I have with mighty anguish of my soul,
 Just at the birth, stiff'd this still-born sigh,
 And forc'd my heart into a painful smile !

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

He rais'd a sigh so hideous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

His sighs flew from him with so strong a gale,
As if his soul would thro' his lips exhale.

LEE's Sophonisba.

Keep down, ye rising sighs,
And murmur in the hollow of my breast;
Run to my heart, and gather more sad wind;
That when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,
You may at once rush from the seat of life,
Blow the blood out, and burst me like a bladder!

LEE's Alexander.

Then such deep sighs heav'd from his woeful heart,
As if his sorrowful soul
Had crack'd the strings of life, and burst away!

LEE's Oedipus.

I will be calm, press down the rising sighs,
And stifle all the swellings in my heart!

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

He knock'd his aged breast, and inward groan'd,
Like some sad prophet, who foresaw the doom,
Of those whom best he lov'd, yet could not save.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

———He fetches sighs:
Which, while he vainly struggles to repress,
With terrible convulsions shake his soul.

DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.

———A sigh heaves in my breast,
And stops the struggling accents on my tongue!

Rowe's Tamerlane.

The murmuring gale revives the drooping flame,
That at thy coldness languish'd in my breast:
So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the spring,
And waken every plant and od'rous flower,
Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.

Ibid.

Go, my heart's envoy, tender sighs; make haste,
And with your breath swell the soft Zephyr's blast!

The

Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,
Tell her in whispers, 'tis for her I die!

STEELE'S Tender Husband.

S I G H T.

You see thro' love, and that deludes your sight,
As what is strait, seems crooked thro' the water.

DRYDEN: All for Love.

Yet, I behold her! yet! and now no more!
Turn your light inward, eyes, and view my thoughts.
So shall you still behold her!—'Twill not be!
O impotence of sight, mechanic sense!
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity!

Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must! A star, a toad;
Just as the hand of Chance administers:
Not to the mind, whose undetermined view
Resolves, and to the present brings the past,
Essaying farther to futurity!
But that in vain I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often.

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

——— I'll feed my famish'd eyes
With looking on her: 'Tis a sight indeed
For the high mounted fun in all his pride,
To stop and wonder at! Let me fix here;
Stretch wide the gates of sight, to take her in,
In the full triumph of her conqu'ring charms!
My eager eyes devour her beauties up,
Insatiable, and longing still for more!

SOUTHERN'S Fate of Capua.

S I L E N C E.

Still as the peaceful walks of antient night,
Silent as are the lamps that burn in tombs.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

Silence is the perfectest herald of Joy :

I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Much ado about Nothing*

————— Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses ; and the country sleeps :
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
With cries and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world should come
Loud, and unlook'd for ; 'till they strike, be dumb
JOHNSON'S *Cataline*.

Silence in woman, is like speech in man ;

Deny't who can.

JOHNSON'S *Silent Woman*.

1. ————— In his looks
He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange
And obstinate silence ; Shame and his Conscience
Will not permit him to deny it.

2. 'Tis, alas,
It is modest bashful Nature, and pure Innocence,
That makes him silent : think you that bright rose
That buds within his cheeks, was planted there
By Guilt and Shame ? No, he has always been
So unacquainted with all arts of Sin,
That but to be suspected, strikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. RANDOLPH'S *Amyntas*.

Silence, more dreadful than severest sounds !
Would she but speak, tho' death, eternal exile,
Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There would be music, even in my undoing.

LEE'S *Alexander*.

Still

Still as the bosom of the desert night,
As fatal planets, or deep plotting friends. *Ibid.*

——— Silent as the extatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse.
Onway's Orphan.

When Wit and Reason both have fail'd to move,
Kind looks and actions from success do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be eloquent in love. }
CONGREVE's Old Bachelor.

Far from my lips, within my breast I'll keep it,
Nor breathe it softly to myself alone,
Lest some officious murmuring wind should tell it,
And babbling echoes catch the feeble sound. }
Rowe's Ulysses.

There's something awful in so deep a silence !
Our world is hush'd, the whole creation nods,
Stern Justice slumbers, and Rebellion sleeps.
DARCY's Love and Ambition.

S I N.

There is a method in man's wickedness ;
It grows up by degrees. }
BEAUMONT's King and no King.

Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in. }
BEAUMONT's Queen of Corinth.

——— Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes : The rolling stone,
And gnawing vulture, were slight pains invented,
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills ; but you have ripen'd sin,
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill 'pose the gods,
To find an equal torture ! *DRYDEN's All for Love.*

Oh ! you have perpetrated such a crime,
As frighten'd Nature ; made the saints above
D 3 Shake

Shake Heaven's eternal pavement with their trembling,
To view that act ! *DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

But when a monarch sins, it should be secret,
To keep exterior shew of sanctity,
Maintain respect, and cover bad example :
For kings and priests are in a manner bound,
For reverence sake, to be close hypocrites.
Yet to be secret, makes not sin the less ;
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar view ;
Maintains indeed the reverence due to princes,
But not absolves the conscience from the crime.

DRYDEN'S Amphitryon.

In strict Virtue, listening to a crime
And not rejecting, is itself a crime.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood water,
But drank again, 'tis nectar ever after.

MIDDLETON'S Woman beware Woman.

S I N C E R I T Y.

I cannot hide what I am : I must be
Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's
Jeits ; eat when I have a stomach, and wait for
No man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy,
And tend on no man's business, laugh when
I'm merry, and claw no man in his humour :

SHAKESPEARE'S Much Ado about Nothing.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder ; his heart's his mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of Death.

SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.

While

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity;
 While some with cunning gild their copper crowns
 With truth and plainness, I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
 Is plain and true; there's all the reach of it.

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

SHAKESPEARE'S Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I know he would not patiently look on,
 And suffer ill designs to gather strength,
 Awaiting gentle seasons: Yes, I know
 He had a troublesome old fashion'd way
 Of shocking courtly ears with horrid truth.
 He was no civil ruffian: None of those,
 Who lie with twisted locks, betray with shrugs.

* * * * He was none of those,
 Is none of those dust-licking, reptile, close,
 Insinuating, speckling, smooth court-serpents,
 That make it so unsafe, chiefly for kings,
 To walk this weedy world. *Thomson's Agamemnon.*

No wonder you detect my troubled soul;
 It bursts unveil'd from my disclosing eyes;
 And glows on every feature's honest air.
 Such is the plainness of an Indian heart
 That it disdains to sculk behind the tongue;
 But throws out all its wrongs, and all its rage.
 She who can hide her purpose, can betray;
 And that's a Christian virtue I've not learnt.

Hill's Alzira.

————— Frank Sincerity,
 Tho' no invited guest, is free to all,
 And brings his welcome with him.

Hayward's Regulus.
 Sincerity!

Sincerity is not the growth of Africk,
Too hot the climate for so mild a fruit.

Ibid.

Sincerity!

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
'Thy outward part! altho' the earth should gape
And from the gulf of Hell destruction cry
To take Dissimulation's winding way.

HUME's Douglas.

S I N G I N G.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, thro' the empty-vaulted night.
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd. I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'r-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now.

MILTON's Comus.

Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale!

Ibid.

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,

And

And sto'e upon the air, that ev'n Silence
 Was took e're she was 'ware, and with'd she might
 Deny her nature and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear
 And took in strains, that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death. *Ibid.*

S I N G L E L I F E.

————— A batchelor
 May thrive by observation on a little ;
 A single life's no burthen : but to draw
 In yokes is chargeable, and will require
 A double maintenance.

Ford's Fancy chaste and noble.

S I R E N.

Thus as a mariner, that sails along
 With pleasure hears th' enticing Siren's song :
 Unable quite his strong desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.

OTWAY's Dan Carlos.

————— The false Siren,
 No longer hiding her uncomely parts,
 Struts on the waves, and shews the brute below.

DRYDEN's Cleomenes.

Sh'as charm'd thee like a Siren to her bed,
 With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds :
 Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
 When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
 By following her delusion ! *Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

S L A N D E R.

————— 'Tis Slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath

Rides on the passing winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world ! kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This vip'rous Slander enters !

SHAKESPEARE'S Cymbeline.

—————When it concerns himself,
Who is angry at a slander, makes it true.

B. JOHNSON'S Catalina.

O where is Honour safe ? Not with the living !
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make these truths : They draw a nourishment
Out of defamings ; grow upon disgraces :
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly, above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh ! how they cast to sink it ! And defeated,
Soul-sick with poison, strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

BLAUNTON'S Philaster.

—————It is a busy talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

Oh ! that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me !
None would then waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastic Falsehood ;
To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales
'I thro' all the noisy giddy courts of Rumour !
Malicious Slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home !

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds ;
Only the base believe, what the base only utter.

BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

S L E E P

S L E E P.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep. O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy palates stretching thee,
And hush'd with busy night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry clouds,

That with its hurley Death itself awakes?

Canst thou (O partial Sleep!) give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;

And in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then haply low lie down,

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

Fast asleep!

Enjoy the honey heavy dew of Slumber,

Thou hast no figure, nor no phantasies,

Which busy Cares draw in the brains of men,

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar.*

O murd'rous Slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays the music.

Ibid.

Methought I heard a voice, cry sleep no more:
Macbeth doth murder Sleep, the innocent Sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care;
The death of each day's life; sore Labour's birth;
Balm of hurt minds; great Nature's second course!
Chief nourisher in Life's feast!

SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.

It will not be; nought but the Grave can close my eyes,
How many labouring wretches take their rest,
While I, night after night, with cares lie waking:
As if the gentle nurse of Nature, Sleep,
Had vow'd to rock my peevish sense no more.
O partial Sleep! can'st thou in smoaky cottages
Stretch out the peasant's limbs on bed of straw,
And lay him fast, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Yet in the softest breeze of peaceful night,
Under the canopies of costly state,
Tho' lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody,
Refuse one moment's slumber to a prince?

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.

Sleep seldom visits Sorrow,
When it does, it is a comforter;
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

SHAKESPEARE'S Tempest.

How happy is that balm to wretches, Sleep!
No cares perplex them for their future state,
And fear of Death thus dies in senseless Sleep;
Unruly Love in this way lull'd to rest;
And injur'd Honour, when redress is lost,
Is no way salv'd but this.
Your drinking bravoes, when their brains boil hot,
Are cool'd, and quietly refresh'd with Sleep.
The hectic madman, when his fever roars,
And all his doctors fail to give him ease,

His

His malady grows weary at the last.
 And Sleep, when nothing else can, gives him rest :
 'Tis the best physic for unequiet minds.

BEAUMONT's Queen of Corinth.

Come gentle slumbers, in your flatt'ring arms
 I'll bury the disquiets of my mind.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

I never shall sleep more,
 Yet old Archilaus,
 With grief and watching spent, in spite of all
 Those tides of care, that swell'd e'er while so high,
 Lies like a child that brawld himself to sleep ;
 Ifmenes too that wept to see me mourn,
 Falls on his breast and nods his tears away :
 So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
 Safe as a drowsy Triton rock'd with storms,
 While tossing princes wake in beds of down.

LEE's Mithridates.

'Tis midnight, yet there's not a Theban sleeps,
 But such as ne'er must wake.

LEE's Oedipus.

— Sleep seal those eyes,
 And tie thy senses in as soft a bond,
 As infants void of thought.

DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.

'Twas in the dead of night, just when soft Sleep
 Had seal'd my eyes, and quite becalm'd my soul.

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

— Oh ! may the softest arm
 Of downy Slumber rock thee to repose ;
 Lull all thy senses fast ; and may no thought,
 To interrupt the quiet of thy bed,
 In the loose revel of a dream, present
 These images that keep me waking here !

SOUTHERN's Disappointment.

Oh ! may the softest down of sweet Repose

Receive

Receive thee gently on the bed of Peace,
And fold thee gently in the kind arms of Rest!

SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage;

O Sleep! thou sweetest gift of Heav'n to man,
Still in thy downy arms embrace my friend,
Nor loose him from his inexistant frame
To sense of yesterday, and pain of being.
In thee, oppressors sooth their angry brow;
In thee, th' oppress'd forget tyrannic pow'r;
In thee,
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge;
And the sad lover to his cruel fair;
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise;
Who then would court the pomp of guilty pow'r
When the mind sickens at the weary shew,
And flies to temporary death for ease:
When half our life's cessation of our being.

STEELE'S Lying Lover's,

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt, or Fear,
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep, or die.

ADDISON'S Cato.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man:
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him.
I saw him stretch'd at ease; his Fancy lost
In pleasing dreams.

Ibid.

O ye immortal Pow'rs, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul

With

With easy dreams! Remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care! *Ibid.*

Kind Sleep, renewer of our daily life,
Till Death closing our eyes for ever from the world,
We wake to one eternal day of bliss.

PHILIPS's Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

How gentle is his sleep—Such always is
The sleep of Innocence, in youth or age,

MARTYN's Timoleon.

Kind Sleep affords

The only boon the wretched mind can feel;
A momentary respite from Despair.

MURPHY's Alzuma.

S M I L E.

Now let thine eyes shine forth in their full lustre;
Invest them with thy loveliest smiles.

DENHAM's Sophy.

Smiles, not allow'd to beasts, from reason move,
And are the privilege of human Love,

DRYDEN's State of Innocence.

A gloomy smile arose
From his bent brows, and still the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.

DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.

What charms has Sorrow in that face!
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks out like lightning in a winter night,
And shews a moment's day.

DRYDEN's All for Love.

A gloomy smile
That shew'd a sullen loathsomeness to be kind.

DRYDEN's Cleomenes.

Seldom

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

As gleams of sunshine soften storms to showers,
So if you smile, the loudness of my Rage
In gentle whispers shall return.

Ibid.

Not all the mines of all the new-found worlds,
Nor all the gums and incense we can boast,
Can be equivalent to one kind smile from thee.

DARCY'S Love and Ambition.

S O C I E T Y.

Who can support under society?
They smile, and bow, and hug, and shake the hand,
Ev'n while they whisper to the next assistant
Some cursed plot to blast its owner's head.

BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

What a helpless creature by himself,
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man! The commoners of Nature,
Each wing that flies along the spacious sky,
Is less dependant than her boasting master.
Hail Social Life! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common stock
My share of service, and in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

THOMSON'S Agamemnon.

S O L D I E R.

Oh! for a muse of fire!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry V.

—The

The tyrant Custom
Has made the flinty and steel couch of War,
My thrice driven bed of down!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of Peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine months wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles.

Ibid.

They daily trust their loves and lives thro' hazards,
And fearless for their country's peace, march hourly,
Thro' all the doors of Death, and know the darkest.
What labour would these men neglect with danger,
Where Honour sits, tho' seated on a billow,
Rising as high Heav'n, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Behold their swords! Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn: And were it not sometimes,
I swim upon their angers to allay them,
And, like a calm depress their foul intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.

BEAUMONT'S *Loyal Subjects*.

Thou can'st fight well and bravely; thou can'st
Endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers:
Heaven's angry flames are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute; nor more mortal!
The winged feet of flying enemies,
I've stood and seen thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer! Oh! were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace, as rough in dangers!

ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

The soldiers grieve

To

To see the nations, whom our ancient Virtue,
 With many a weary march, and hunger conquer'd,
 With loss of many a daring life subdued,
 Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
 To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
 In obscure towns, that us'd to prey on princes:
 They cry for enemies, and tell the captain,
 The fruits of Italy are luscious. Give us Egypt,
 Or sandy Africa, to display our valours;
 There where our swords may get us meat and danger,
 Digest our well got food; for here our weapons,
 And bodies that were made for shining bras,
 Are both unedg'd and old with ease and women.
 And then they cry again, Where are the Germans,
 Lined with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring them near,
 And let the son of War, steel'd Mithridates,
 Pour on us wing'd legions, like a storm,
 Hiding the face of Heaven with showers of arrows;
 Yet we dare fight as Romans. Then, as soldiers
 Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
 E'en weeping ripe, they are no more nor deeper;
 And glory in those scars, that make them lovely;
 And sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
 They reckon up the times, and loading labours
 Of Julius, or Germanicus; and wonder
 That Rome, whose turrets once were topp'd with
 honour,

Can now forget the customs of her conquests.
 Thus they repine; and then cry out, Who leads us?
 Shall we stand here like statues? Were our fathers
 The sons of lazy Moors? Our princes Persians?
 Nothing but silk and softness? *Nil.*

To me the cries of fighting fields are charms:
 Keen be my sabre, and of proof my arms;
 I ask no other blessing of my stars:
 No prize but Fame, no mistress but the wars.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

Thus when the warrior his lov'd trumpet hears,

His

His martial blood begins to warm apace
And boils and flushes in his kindling face,
And much he longs to strive in Glory's race.

Læx's Sopbonisba.

War was my mistress, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my music; shoutings were my song;
And clashing arms, that echo'd thro' the plain:
Neighings of horses, groans of dying men;
Notes which the trumpet, and hoarser drum affords,
And dying sounds rising from fall of swords.

Læx's Gloriana.

This downright fighting fool; this thick-skull'd hero;
This blunt unthinking instrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has outgone my wit.

Darnay's All for Love.

Rough in battle,
As the first Romans when they went to war;
Yet after Victory more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home.

Ibid.

Twelve legions wait upon you,
And long to call you chief: By painful journeys,
I led them patient of both heat and hunger;
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scar'd cheeks, and chopp'd hands: There's
virtue in them!

They'd sell those mangl'd limbs, at dearer rates
Than yon trim band can buy.

Ibid.

Oh! thou hast fir'd me! My soul is up in arms,
And man's each part about me! Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me!
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield:
I won the trenches, whilst my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below. Come on, my soldier.

Our

Our hearts and arms are still the same : I long
 Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May taste fate to them, mow 'em out a passage,
 And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noblest harvest of the field. *Ibid.*

Oh ! when I see him arming for his honour,
 His country, and his gods, that martial fire,
 That mounts his courage, kindles even to me !
 And when the Trojan matrons wait him out
 With prayers, and meet with blessings his return,
 The pride of Virtue beats within my breast,
 To wipe away the sweat and dust of War,
 And dress my hero, glorious in his wounds !
 Has he not met a thousand lifted swords !
 There's not a day but he encounters armies ;
 And yet as safe as if the broad brim'd shield,
 That Pallas wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.

I have seen him fight against a troop of Vandals
 In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed.

——— When he has been all o'er blood,
 And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his
 praises ;

I have seen him smile still as he push'd Death from him,
 And with his actions rally distant Fate.

LEE'S Theodosius.

I'll wade thro' seas of blood, and walk o'er mountains
 Of slaughter'd bodies, to immortal Honour ! *Ibid.*

Methinks the warring spirit that inspires
 This frame, the very genius of old Rome,
 That makes me talk without the fear of Death,
 And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
 Flames in your eyes : Our arms too are a-kin,
 Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory. *Ibid.*

——— Can'st thou love a soldier ?

One

One born to Honour, and to Honour bred ;
 One that has learnt to treat even foes with kindness :
 To wrong no good man's Fame, nor praise himself,

OTWAY's Orphan.

Let's join our battle, with a force may glut
 The front of Death, and choak him with himself ;
 As fiercely as destroying whirlwinds rise,
 Or as clouds dash, when thunder shakes the skies.

OTWAY's Caius Marius.

———Let Honour call for my blood,
 And sluice it into streams ;
 Turn Fortune loose again to my pursuit,
 And let me hunt her thro' embattl'd foes,
 In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar ;
 There I will be the first.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

Do'st thou not know the fate of soldiers ?
 They're but Ambition's tools, to cut away
 To her unlawful ends : and when they're worn,
 Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
 To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals.

SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

How nobly he becomes the great battalion !
 See how he shines in arms, and suns the field !
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a war !

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.

O mighty warrior, in the heat of broils,
 How terribly did'st thou become a field !

LEE's Massacre of Paris.

As for Sebastian ! we must search the field,
 And when we see a mountain of the slain,
 Send one to climb ; and looking down below,
 There shall he find him at his manly length,
 With his face up to Heaven, in the red monument,
 Which his true sword has digg'd !

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

He

He in the battle had a thirsty sword,
And well 'twas glutted there !

Ibid.

— In battle brave ;
But still serene in all the stormy war,
Like Heav'n above the clouds ! And after fight,
As merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes,
As a forgiving god !

DRYDEN's King Arthur.

The brave abroad fight for the wise at home :
You are but camp camelions, fed with air ;
Thin fame is all the bravest hero's share.

Ibid.

When the young hero, yet unslugg'd in arms,
Made the tough age of old Ramirez bend,
He fought like Mars descending from the skies,
And look'd like Venus rising from the waves.

DRYDEN's Love Triumphant.

Black was his beard, and manly was his face ;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red :
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair :
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long,
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His furcoat was a bear's skin on his back,
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

DRYDEN's Pal. and Arc.

To live and conquer, is the noblest fate,
But the next glory is a gallant death ;
Success, O Jove ! and victory are thine :
Fortune is thine ; my honour is my own !
Facing my doom, with my drawn sword I'll stand,
Nor turn my back upon the wrathful bolt !

LANDDOWN's Heroic Love.

my

O my Antonio ! I'm all on fire !
 My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
 And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops !
 I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty !
 To Victory ! their shouts and clamours rend
 My ears, and reach the heav'ns !

CONGRÈVE's Mourning Bride.

Full fifty years, harness'd in rugged steel,
 I have endur'd the biting winter's blast,
 And the severer heats of parching summer ;
 While they who loll'd at home on lazy couches,
 Were at my cost secure in luxury.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

O had'st thou seen him, like the god of war,
 Whose grisley terror perch'd upon his plume,
 Severely shining in his dreadful helmet,
 And thund'ring thro' the tempest of the field.

Dennis's Rinaldo and Armida.

A joy shoots thro'
 My drooping breast ! As often, when the trumpet
 Has call'd my youthful ardour forth to battle,
 High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,
 I have rush'd eager on, amidst the foremost,
 To purchase victory, or glorious death.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

This brave man, with long resistance,
 Held the combat doubtful ;
 His party, press'd with numbers, soon grew faint,
 And would have left their charge an easy prey :
 Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,
 Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly,
 Nor yielded till o'ermatch'd by many hands,
 He seem'd to stamp our conquest, while he own'd it.

Ibid.

Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
 Watchful they stood, expecting open day ;

And

And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on their foes : Like a hot courser,
That bounding, paws the moulding soil, disdain
The rein that checks him, eager for the race. *Ibid.*

What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm ! A second, larger yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us !
Oh ! for some glorious cause to fall in battle !
O Marcus ! I am warm'd ; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory !

ADDISON'S CAIRO.

Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul !
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war ! In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage !
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march !
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him !
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle ! *Ibid.*

—————'Tis the soldier's lot
To meet the frowns, as well as smiles of fortune ;
In private combat, as in war uncertain.
Where is the hero, who ne'er found his equal,
Or which the nation that can boast a chief,
Who still return'd victorious from the field ?
Such was not Pyrrhus ; such our mighty foe,
Not even Hannibal himself shall prove.

FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.

Soldier ? immortal gods ; — Who more deserves
To govern states, than he who best can save ?
With how perverse an aptitude Disdain
Forgets its own foundation ! — Teach it, madam :
That all that swells your pride, supports my honour.
He who was first call'd, king, e're that was, soldier ;
Great, because brave, and scepter'd by his sword.

HILL'S Merope.

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—The lion when he's rous'd
 Must have his prey, whose den we might have past
 In safety while he slept. To draw the sword,
 And fire the youthful warrior's breast to arms
 With awful visions of immortal fame;
 And then to bid him sheath it, and forget
 He ever hop'd for conquest and renown:
 Vain, vain attempt. *WHITEHEAD'S Roman Father.*

S O L I T U D E.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old Custom made this life more sweet,
 Than that of painted Pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril, than the envious court?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons difference, as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding, of the Winter's wind?
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 E'en 'till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 This is no flattery! These are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
 Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

—A mossy cave that fac'd
 The southern sea, and in whose deep recess
 Boil'd up a chrystal fountain, was my home.
 Herbs were my food, those blessed stores of health:
 Only when Winter, from my daily search,
 Withdrew my verdant meal, I was obliged
 In faithless snares to seize, which truly griev'd me,
 My silvan friends; that ne'er till then had known,
 And therefore dreaded less the tyrant man.

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But

But these low hardships scarce deserve regard :
 'The pangs, that sharpest stung, were in my mind ;
 There desolation reign'd , and there cut off
 From social life, I felt a constant death.
 And yet these pangs at last forgot to throb :
 What cannot lenient gentle Time perform ?
 I eat my lonely meal without a tear ;
 Nor sigh'd to see the dreadful night descend.
 In my own breast a world within myself,
 In streams, in groves, in sunny hill and shade ;
 In all that blooms with vegetable life,
 Or joys with kindred animal sensation ;
 In the full peopled round of azure Heaven
 Where'er I, studious, look'd, I found companions.
 But, chief, the Muses lent their softning aid,
 At their enchanting voice my sorrows fled,
 Or learn'd to please ; while, thro' my troubled heart,
 They breath'd the soul of Harmony anew.
 Thus of the great community of Nature
 A denizen I liv'd ; and oft in hymns,
 And rapt'rous thought, even with the gods convers'd,
 That not disdain sometimes the walks of man.

THOMSON'S Agamemnon.

I want to be alone, to find some shade,
 Some solitary gloom ; there to shake off
 These harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life,
 This sick ambition on itself recoiling ;
 And there to listen to the gentle voice,
 The sigh of Peace, something, I know not what,
 That whispers transport to my heart.

THOMSON'S Sophonisba.

Beneath the silent gloom of Solitude,
 Tho' Peace can sit and smile ; tho' meek Content
 Can keep the chearful tenor of her soul,
 Ev'n in the loneliest shades ; yet let not Wrath
 Approach, let black Revenge keep far aloof,
 Or soon they flame to madness.

MASON'S Elfrida.

S O R R O W.

For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate, and o'erbearing nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself, *SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms;
What tho' the mast be now blown o'er board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much?
While in his mean, the ship splits on the rock,
Which Industry and Courage might have sav'd.
SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

He sad heart, being robb'd
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty
Which gave him life and motion, seeing Caius
Enjoy those lips, whose cherries were the food
That nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,
In melancholy sighs and discontents:
Look'd like a wither'd tree o'er grown with moss;
His eyes were ever dropping isicles.

RANDAL'S Amyntas.

Darkness and solitude, and sighs and tears,
And all the inseparable train of Grief,
Attend my steps for ever! *DRYDEN'S Amphytrion.*

Some secret anguish rolls within his breast,
That shakes him like an earthquake, which he presses
And will not give it vent!
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a voice;
And stares, and gapes like a forbidden ghost!
DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.

Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,

Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down!
 Sorrow, Remorse; and Shame have torn my soul,
 And blast the spring and promise of my year!
 They hang like winter on my youthful hopes!
 So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
 To lose their freshness among bones and rottenness,
 And have their odours stifled in the dust.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament 'em.
 For those to come, seek wisely to prevent 'em.

Webster's Unfortunate Duchess, &c.

Cover me, hills! ye mountains with your groves,
 Come pitying, shadow me with sudden night!
 Oh! hide me from his sight; deep at your roots
 Beneath the dusky gloom o'erwhelm Timandra.
 In the dark caverns let me yell my griefs,
 Nor with my shrieks disturb his parting soul.

Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress,
 Burst their confinement with impetuous sway;
 O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away;
 So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd,
 With anguish wore the arrow in his wound;
 Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
 Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.

Young's Revenge.

S O U L.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well:
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful thought!

Thro'

Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold: if there's a power above us,
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Thro' all her works, he must delight in Virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where——

I'm weary of conjectures——
 The soul secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age; and Nature sink in years:
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

ADDISON'S Cato.

I have a part within
 Their malice cannot reach——Yes, yes, my soul,
 Thou shalt be feasted with a rich repast,
 The grave historian and the moral sage,
 The searching minds that scorn to be confined
 On this dim spot, but travel to the seats
 Of nobler beings, and more finish'd worlds,
 All call and wait on thee.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

What is the soul?
 'Tis not a shade, that will dissolve in air,
 Nor matter, which by Time, can be consum'd.

SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.

Alas! how mankind err in all their thoughts!
 The only prison that enslaves the soul,
 Is the dark habitation where she dwells,
 As in a noisome dungeon, fetter'd down
 To this unwholesome floor of breathing clay.
 Were she but freed from thence, these solid walls,

These massy bars, and doubly grated windows
 Wou'd all in vain oppose her towering passage;
 Spite of such slight obstructions she would rise,
 And wing her airy way from life to life,
 A long successive course of various being,
 Enlarging as she goes her growing force,
 With added faculties at every stage!

BALLER's Injured Innocence.

————— We're taught, indeed, to endure
 What Heav'n's chastising hand shall lay upon us.
 But can it be, while this frail flesh confines us?
 While the imprison'd soul participates
 What'er its weak companion undergoes!
 E'er we can reach perfection, we must shake
 The body off. Then the expanded soul
 Pluming her wings, may take her airy way
 Thro' yonder worlds of light, till she arrives
 Where the eternal source of all inhabits,
 And treads th' infinity of boundless space.

MARSH's Amasis.

The soul, intent on offices of love,
 Will oft neglect, or scorn the weaker proof
 Which smiles or speech can give.

BROWN's Barbarossa.

S P E A K I N G.

————— Thou speak'st
 As if there were some monster in thy thoughts,
 Too hideous to be seen.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

And when she speaks, O Angilo! then music,
 Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
 To aged mountains; and made the rugged beasts
 Lay by their rage! and tall trees, that knew
 No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
 And hear and wonder; and the sea, whose surges
 Sook their white heads in Heaven, to be as midnight,

Still

S P E

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Still and attentive ! steals into our souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that time no more our's, but what she pleases.

BEAUMONT's Captain.

O heart ! O bleeding Love ! but speak, Semandra,
For there is wond'rous reason, mighty sense,
In all you say ; and I could hear you ever.

LEE's Mithridates.

O speak, go on, the air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm ;
The hurry'd orbs with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that Jove were talking.

DRYDEN's Oedipus.

— Speak this again :

But speak it to the winds when they are loudest,
Or to the raging seas ; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Ibid.

Oh ! thou hast utter'd sounds of such a strain
As Nature cannot bear ! Like inmost music,
Which, while it charms the sense, makes chill the
blood.

LEE's Cæsar Borgia.

— Blast me not with such sounds :

There's not one fatal sentence, one dread word,
But runs like iron thro' my freezing blood.

Ibid.

Oh ! while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted faculty,
And puts my soul in tune !

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

— Oh ! speak that again !

Sweet as the Syren's tongue those accents fall,
And charm me to my ruin.

SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

— Speech is the morning to the soul ;

It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd, and clouded in the soul.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise,

— Oh ! I have heard him talk
Like the first child of Love, when every word
Spoke in his eyes, and wept to be believ'd.

SOUTHERN's Disappointment,

— Oh ! thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness ;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast ; till with clos'd eyes
I reel into thy arms, and all's forgotten !

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

O stop not here ! my list'ning soul is charm'd
Into my ears, and dies upon the sound
Of ev'ry word, soft as a lover's wish,
And I could hear you ever !

SOUTHERN's Spartan Dame,

— Oh ! go on,
Speak yet a little more, a little longer !
For, by the gods, that listen to our talk,
'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you ! Not the tongues
Of deities plead so well ! My heart leaps up,
And pants at all you utter ! Each pointed syllable
From those dear lovely lips runs to my heart,
And circles in my blood !

HOPKINS's Pyrrhus,

— Oh ! I know
Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers ;
Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts
Stand still, and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,
As if they had reflection : And by reason,
Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater !

ROWE's Tamerlane,

What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express ?

Away

Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase, *h'nd*
And let thy oracle be understood. *h'nd*

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

He was the very joy of all that saw him ;
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade :
Impassive spirits, and angelic natures,
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human weak-
ness,

Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Say any thing, that I may hear thee talk !
For charms are in thy words, and transport springs
From the bewitched accents.

Mrs. Wiseman's Antiochus.

Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas, when vex'd by warring winds ?

Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Fear not to speak it : Thy harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of Sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings ! Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy fight, thus gazing on those eyes,
I can support the utmost spight of Fate,
And stand the rage of Heaven.

Ibid.

Tho' like a sword each sharpen'd syllable
Strikes thro' and thro' my heart, I'll hear thee calmly :
Yes, calm as Death, or sleeping Innocence !

C. Johnson's Force of Friendship.

Thy words, tho' softer than the dew that nurses
The blooming infants of the spring, avail not ;
Inchanting is thy speech, and might have power
To shake a mind less exercis'd and constant.

C. Johnson's Medea.

When she spoke,
Such a becoming diffidence adorn'd
The accents of her voice, as seem'd to say,

She fear'd her words might wound that modesty,
In whose defence her trembling tongue pronounc'd
em,

In gentle, yet in most persuasive fort.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

S P H I N X.

—————The Sphinx began to rage;
The monster Sphinx laid your rich country waste,
Your vineyards spoil'd, your lab'ring oxen slew;
Your selves for fear, mew'd up within your walls:
She, taller than your gates, o'erlook'd your town:
But when she rais'd her bulk to sail above you,
She drove the air about her like a whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clapp'd her leathern wings against your tow'rs,
And thrust out her long neck ev'n to your doors.
You durst not meet in temples,
T' invoke the gods for aid, the stoutest he
Who leads you now, crouch'd then, like a dar'd lark:
This Creon shook for fear:
The blood of Laius curdled in his veins.

DAYDEN's Oedipus.

S P I R I T S.

Some aërial forms I must invoke by pray'r;
Fram'd all of purest atoms of the air:
In airy chariots they together ride,
And sip the dew, as thro' the clouds they glide:
Vain spirits you, that shunning Heav'n's high noon,
Swarm here beneath the concave of the moon:
Hence to the task assign'd you here below;
Upon the ocean make loud tempests blow;
Into the wombs of hollow clouds repair,
And crush out thunder from the bladder'd air;
From pointed sun-beams take the mists they drew,
And scatter them again in pearly dew:

And

And of the bigger drops they drain below,
Some mould in hail, and others stamp in snow.

DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

S T A G.

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Under the brook that brawls along this wood,
A poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish :
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharges stretch'd his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase, and swell'd the running brook.

SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.

S T A G E.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits, and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts :
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school ; and then the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then the justice
In fair round belly, and good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts

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Into

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound; last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

S T A R S.

—————The sparks of light,
 The gems that shine in the blue ring of Heav'n.
LEE'S Mithridates,
 The shooting stars end all in purple jellies.
DRYDEN'S Oedipus.

The radiant galaxies of blended stars,
 Whose influence govern mortals here below.
HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

How dreadfully delightful 'tis to lose
 The dazzl'd eye in yonder wide expanse,
 Where, round ten thousand founts of light
 Myriads of worlds roll ceaseless;—all obeying,
 And all declaring in their measur'd orbs,
 That universal spirit which informs,
 Pervades and actuates the wond'rous whole.
BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

S T A T E.

—————Common-wealths
 Own no hereditary right, unless our worth
 Shine equal to our birth: Wherefore at once
 Down with nobility—The commons rule!
 A vast prerogative and lineal title,
 And be the right to rise superior merit.
HOWARD'S K. Charles I.
 All

All private Virtue is the public fund :
 As that abounds, th' state decays, or thrives ;
 Each shou'd contribute to the general stock,
 And who lends most, is most his country's friend.

JEPHSON's Braganza.

S T A T E S M A N.

An honest statesman to a prince is like
 A cedar planted by a spring which bathes its
 Root, the grateful tree rewards it with the shadow.

WEBSTER's Dukes of Malfy.

You have not, as good patriots shou'd do, study'd
 The public good, but your particular ends :
 Faction among yourselves : Preferring such
 To offices and honours, as ne'er read
 The elements of saving policy ;
 But deeply skill'd in all the principles
 That usher to destruction :
 Your senate house, which us'd not to admit
 A man, however popular, to stand
 At the helm of government, whose youth was not
 Made glorious by action ; whose experience,
 Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant with her counsels
 Hand, and received with reverence, is now fill'd
 With green heads that determine of the state
 Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
 Afford them leisure ; or supply'd by those,
 Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift,
 Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom :
 Which is the reason, that to hold a place
 In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
 And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
 Lustre and reputation, and is made
 A mercenary purchase.

MASSINGER's Bondman.

There is some reason why a subject
 Should suffer for the errors of his prince :

But

But why a prince should bear
The faults of 's ministers, none, none at all.
SUCKLING's Goblins.

They measure not the compass of a crown,
To fit the head that wears it, but their own.
DAVENANT's Siege of Rhodes.

He that seeks safety in a statesman's pity,
May as well run a ship upon sharp rocks,
And hope a harbour. *HOWARD's Duke of Lerma.*

Great statesmen, kings should watch while they employ,
Left what they build, those underhand destroy.
LEX's Sophonista.

The bold are but the instruments o' th' wise,
They undertake the dangers we advise:
And whilst our fabric with their fame we raise,
We take the profit, and pay them with praise.
DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.

—————Statesmen are
The workmanship of inconsiderate Favour:
The creatures of rash Love: One of those meteors
Which monarchs raise from earth;
And people, wond'ring how they came so high,
Fear from their influence plagues, wars, and famine.
DRYDEN's Secret Love.

But change in statesmen is most natural:
They're weathercocks of Time, and face about
To every veering wind. *TATE's Loyal General.*

This 'tis to serve a prince too faithfully!
Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us sure disgrace;
And, if perform'd, to ruin!

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

This 'tis to counsel things that are unjust!
First to debauch a king to break his laws,

Which

Which are his safety, and then seek protection?
From him they have endanger'd! *Ibid.*

If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve 'em? *Ibid.*

—————None will dare
To serve them ill, when they are left to laws:
But when a counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate!
Oh! 'tis an act as infamously base,
As should a common soldier sculk behind,
And thrust his gen'ral in the front of war!
It shews he only serv'd himself before,
And had no sense of honour, country, king,
But centred on himself; and us'd his master,
As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up his prince! *Ibid.*

Unhappy ministers to cheated princes:
Who make new quarrels, new pretences find,
To please us wretches, who destroy mankind.

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

Art thou a statesman, and canst not be a hypocrite?
Impossible!

Do not distrust thy Virtue,

DAYDEN's Don Sebastian.

—————Thy reasons were too strong,
And driv'n too near the head to be but artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a statesman,
Where truth is rarely found. *Ibid.*

—————Love and Interest sometimes
May make a statesman honest. *DAYDEN's Cleomenes.*

—————'Tis the sport of statesmen,
When heroes knock their knotty heads together,
And fall by one another.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Thus

Thus Wit still gets the mastery over Courage;
 Long time unmatched in war the hero shone,
 And mighty Fame in fields of battle won;
 Till one fair project of the statesman's brain
 Bereaves him of the spoils his arms did gain,
 And renders all his boasted prowess vain.

Ibid.

Oh! couldst thou charm the malice of a statesman!
 And make him quit his purpose of revenge!
 Thy preaching may reform the guilty world,
 And Vice would be no more!

Ibid.

Oh! what a mine of mischief is a statesman,
 Ye furious whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous rocks,
 Ye ministers of Death, devouring Fire,
 Convulsive Earthquake, and plague-tainted air,
 All you are merciful and mild to him,
 The passive instruments of righteous Heav'n.
 But he for goodness form'd and plac'd to bless,
 Wilful opposes Providence in spite,
 And is a devil in his own formation.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

Curse on the statesman's grave who married first,
 Debauching the pure stream of politics,
 With the base mixture of connubial Love;
 O Rome, wise Rome, thy nobler genius scorns
 These little ties of fond Humanity,
 Fearing that Nature might o'er-rule thy sons,
 You check that fear and o'er-rule Nature first.
 Hence no affection, no remorse controuls
 Thy statesman's hands, no tender look of Love
 Disarms thy holy butchers in their wrath.

Ibid.

— Statesmen have peculiar arts:
 They're so mysterious few can apprehend
 The favours they confer.

FENTON'S Mariamne.

You statesmen are so shrewd in forming schemes!
 But often to secure some trivial point,

An

And answer ends as little wise as just !
 Such children are ye, busy, nice and anxious
 To raise a bawble, paper edifice,
 That by its own slight make betray'd to ruin,
 Wants not a breath of air to puff it down.

JEFFREY'S Edwin.

Statesman, thou art inur'd to infamy !
 Practice hath petrify'd thy wicked heart,
 Bred to conspiracies, to fawn, betray,
 To lye : Yet thou can'st smile ! yet thou can'st sleep !

PHILIPS'S Belisarius.

Let Virtue's slaves, let squeamish Honour's friends,
 By little narrow rules pursue their ends,
 Not so, but unconfin'd by idle force,
 The politician steers a nobler course,
 Where'er or Pow'r or Wealth their charms display
 He rushes on, secure, and cannot stray,
 For any passage thither is his way.

LEWIS'S Philip of Macedon.

How various are the moments statesmen pass ?
 When what they hope, or fear, yet waits th' event !
 Hope as the morn in May, with vernal sweets,
 And opening buds, presents a pleasing prospect ;
 While, like a sudden frost, succeeding Fear
 Saddens the landskip and corrects thole joys.

FROWDE'S Philotas.

Now let my secret soul indulge the joy,
 The solid joy which politicians know
 When on some patriot full they wreak their vengeance.
 The witless hero, full of noise and honour,
 Safe in his Indolence and conscious Virtue,
 Encompass'd by the wary statesman's toils,
 Falls the sure victim to his rage provok'd.

Ibid.

A decay'd statesman is a wretched thing !
 'Tis flattery and ill actions which prefer us,
 And we have flatterers too that thrive by us ;

Power

Power makes us knaves ; we're honest out of service,
But, when our prince's favour falls away,
Nothing so despicable, or unregarded ;
Therefore 'tis policy, when once we're in,
To finish by those rules we did begin.

RANDOLPH'S Fall of Mortimer.

Let Heav'n 'spy out for Virtue, and then starve it :
But Vice and Frailty are the statesman's quarry,
The objects of our search, and of our science ;
Mark'd by our smiles, and cherish'd by our bounty.
'Tis hence, you lord it o'er your servile senates ;
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
When aptly baited : Ev'n the tongues of patriots,
Those sons of Clamour, oft relax the nerve
Within the warmth of favour.

BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.

How ill had Providence
Dispos'd the suffering world's oppress'd affairs,
Had sacred Right's eternal rule been left
To crafty politician's partial sway ?
Then Power and Pride wou'd stretch th' enormous
grasp,
And call their arbitrary portion, justice :
Ambition's arm, by Av'rice urg'd, wou'd pluck
The core of Honesty from Virtue's heart,
And plant Deceit and Rancour in its stead :
Falsehood wou'd trample then on Truth and Honour ;
And Envy poison sweet Benevolence.
Oh ! 'tis a goodly groupe of attributes,
And well befits some statesmen's righteous rules.

JONES'S Earl of Essex.

S T O R K.

The stork's the emblem of true piety :
Because when age has seiz'd, and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young-one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,

Repaying

Repaying thus her tender care of him,
 E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

BLAUMONT'S Spanish Curate.

S T O R M.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds,
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go thro' a tempest dropping fire;
 Either there is a civil strife in Heav'n,
 Or else the world too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.

Let the great gods
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
 Thou perjur'd, and thou similar of Virtue
 That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up Guilt,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 Those dreadful summoners, Grace!

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

Tempests sometimes drive ships into the ports.

SADLEY'S Antony and Cleopatra.

The wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves:
 Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring winds and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard!

Ibid.

Thus

Thus storms let loose,
 Do drive the trunks of tallest cedars down,
 Tear from their tops the loaded pregnant vine,
 And kill the tender flowers but yet half blown :
 But having no more fury left in store,
 Heav'n's face grows clear, the storm is heard no
 more,
 And Nature smiles as gaily as before.

OTWAY'S Caius Marius.

The storm is hush'd, the winds breathe out their last ;
 The thunders too in feebl' bodies die ;
 And all the ruff'd elements return
 To their dull order.

TATE'S Loyal General.

So black the night, as if no star e'er shone,
 In all the wide expanse ; the lightning's flash
 But shews the darkness, and the bursting clouds,
 With peals of thunder, seem to rock the land ;
 No beasts of prey do now from shelter roam,
 But howl in dens, and make the forest groan.

YOUNG'S Bufris.

From my gay spring of life to full-grown youth,
 From thence to this old age of fourscore years,
 I don't remember that I e'er beheld
 A storm so dreadful both by sea and land ;
 Trees by their roots are torn, and whirl'd in air,
 And ev'ry wave a wat'ry mountain seems.
 How thro' the clouds the forked lightning shoots,
 And rolling thunder seconds ev'ry flash.
 What a tremendous peal was that ! the crack
 The very earth's foundation seem'd to shake,
 Most terrible to hear, or to behold !

WINDSFORD'S Fatal Love.

Hear ! from the wint'ry north how keen it howls
 Thro' these lone towers that rock with every blast,
 Each moment threat'ning ruin on our heads.
 But see—stand here, and cast thy eyes below
 O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky,

See

See what confusion fills the raving deep!
What mountain-waves arise!—'Tis terrible.

MALLET's Eurydice.

—Look, from the turbid south
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,
Pi'd hill on hill; and hark, the thunder rous'd,
Groans in long roarings thro' the distant gloom.

MALLET's Musapha.

S T R E A M.

—When tides against the current flow,
The native stream runs its own course below.

DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.

Thus streams that beat against their banks in vain,
Retreating, swell into a flood again.

OTWAY's Don Carlos.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines;
Till by degrees the chrystal mirror shines;
Reflects each flow'r that on its border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON's Cato.

S U B J E C T S.

We are but subjects, Maximus! obedience
For what is done; and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods, pure incense,
Till some unhallowed hands defile their offerings,
Burns ever there: We must not put it out,
Because the priests who touch those sweets are wicked:
We dare not dearest friend, nay, more, we cannot,
While

While we consider whose we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;
While majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not enquir'd into. *ROCHESTER's Valentinian.*

He who his prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his faith his virtue throws away,
DRYDEN's Indian Emperor.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd animals; They soon
Feel slacken'd reins, and throw the rider down.
DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

The vulgar, Greatness too much idolize;
But haughty subjects, it too much despise.
DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.

Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty?
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush'd and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.
DRYDEN's All for Love.

The elephant is never won with anger;
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.
Our honest actions, and the truth that breaks,
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that which pulls a prince back: Then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors. *Ibid.*

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsake me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty;
But shar'd my dangers to the last event,
And fenc'd them with their own.
DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

What have the people done, the sheep of princes,
Tha

That they should perish for their shepherd's fault?
 They bring their yearly wool, to cloath their owners,
 And yet when bare themselves, are cull'd for slaughter.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

Authority is lost, when rebel subjects dare
 With curious boldness, scan their master's right;
 Controul his royal pleasure, and rejudge
 His highest acts. Contempt unkinings a sovereign.

MALLEY'S Mussyapha.

S U B M I S S I O N.

Abbot. Thus bending to the throne of Innocent,
 Our holy sovereign sire, whose heav'n-born pow'r
 All Christian crowns implicitly obey;

Thus come we humble supplicants in sighs
 And sorrow for a sinful son; whose rash
 Ambition in his pride of pow'r has dar'd—

Oh! spare us to repeat the dreadful crime,
 Too black and terrible for Christian ears!

But if the pangs of Penitence may plead—

K. John. Behold him prostrate, contrite, whel'm'd
 with shame,

Off'ring this sacrifice of temp'ral glory,
 His crown surrender'd to the Holy See,
 To mitigate the wrath of heav'nly Vengeance.

Pandulph. Thy penitence, thy contrite heart, O son,
 Give joy and transport to our holy mother:

Not human Nature is more prone to offend,
 Than on sincere repentance she to pardon!

Yet think not crowns or scepters could alone
 Prevail, or tempt her, in the pride of Nature,

T'accept these off'rings of thy mortal pow'r,
 Which, as the human world esteems them—Thus

Beneath her foot she spurns their carnal glory.

But, as in social life, mankind requires

Controuling kings to rule their headstrong passions,
 To curb Injustice by coercive laws;

Thus

Thus from the sacred apostolic grace,
As tributary lord, dependant ever
On our holy father, supreme on earth,
Receive this circle of imperial sway,
Once more to keep these temp'ral realms in awe,
And fight the sacred battles of the chair.

K. John. With lowly reverence and humble heart,
Vowing obedience to our sov'reign pontiff,
Unworthy I receive this temp'ral crown ;
But now must kneel for an afflicted people,
Pierc'd with the pains of errors not their own :
Oh ! never must these guilty eyes look up !
Till holy Mercy shall restore their peace,
By revocation of her dreadful censures !

Pandulph. Arise, repentant son, thy sweet conversion
Shall chase these clouds of Vengeance from thy land ;
Nor foreign or domestic foe shall now
Presume to give thy fertile fields annoyance :
Now shalt thou find the holy breath, that blew
This tempest up, shall make the storm subside,
This Dauphin's thunder at our word shall cease,
And hush'd Ambition leave thy realms in peace.

CIBBER's King John.

S U C C E S S.

Let them call it Mischief ;
When it's past, and prosper'd, 'twill be Virtue.
There petty crimes are punish'd ; great rewarded.
Nor must you think of peril, since attempts,
Begun with danger, still do end in glory :
And when Need spurs, Despair will be called Wisdom,
Less ought the care of men or Fame to fright you ;
For they that win, do seldom receive shame
Of victory, however it be achiev'd ;
And Vengeance least, for who, besieged with wants,
Would stop at Death, or any thing beyond it ?
Come, there was never any great thing yet
Aspired, but by Violence or Fraud :

And

And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it, is a good religious fool.

JOHNSON'S Cataline.

God's success
Is oft more fatal far than bad, one winning throw
Cast from a flattering die, tempting a gamester
To hazard his whole fortunes.

CHAPMAN'S Revenge of Honour.

If all things by success are understood,
Men that make war, grow wicked to be good.

HOWARD'S Indian Queen.

Virtue without Success,
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light:
But lucky men are favourites of Heaven,
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.

DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.

It is Success makes Innocence a sin:
If the end be glorious, glorious is the way:
They always have the cause, who have the day.

CROWN'S Darius.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events;
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

Fate holds the strings, and men like children move,
But as they're let; Success is far above.

LANADONI'S Heroic Love.

We cannot answer for unborn events:
The gods have plac'd them in the hand of Fate,
To shape and fashion for their high decrees;
At their appointed time to bring them forth,
To baffle human Wit and Industry.

SOUTHERN'S Fate of Capna.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

ADDISON'S Cato.

It is Success that colours all in life:
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest;
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on Success and Power, howe'er acquir'd.

THOMSON'S Agamemnon.

By nobler services Success is woo'd
By cool deliberations, well-weigh'd thoughts,
Prevented accidents, foreseen advantage,
Judgment correct, that only waits upon
Gray-hair'd Experience, and slow teaching Time.—

HARVARD'S Regulus.

Applause

Waits on Success; the fickle multitude
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still, and follow Fortune.

FRANKLIN'S Earl of Warwick.

S U N.

So shews the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.

The setting sun all curtain'd round with night,
At his departure gives a greater light.

LEE'S Sophonisba.

The sun, when he from noon declines,
And with abated heat, less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the remnant of day.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

So

So bright a track, still leave the setting suns,
That vanish in a glory.

DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

———As glorious as the sun at noon,
To th' admiring eyes of gazing mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

Now Phœbus mounts triumphant in the skies;
The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies:
Darkness gives place to the victorious Light;
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

LANSDOWN'S British Incubiter.

So when from western hills, the burning sun
Descends, and leaves his empire to the moon,
False meteors glare, and scatter'd drops of light,
With glow-worm spangles dress the gloom of night:
But as the radiant god remounts his car,
The borrowed vapours swiftly disappear:
They fly the force of his celestial ray,
Or their pale fires are lost in floods of day.

C JOHNSON'S Vision.

S U P E R S T I T I O N.

O Superstition! thy pernicious rigour,
Inflexible to Reason, Truth, and Nature,
Banish Humanity the gentlest breasts.

MILLER'S Mabomct.

Thy other fav'rites of maturer age,
And more discreetly zealous, would not risque it:
Youth is the stock, whence grafted Superstition
Shoots with unbounded vigour.

Ibid.

———What a reasonless machine
Can Superstition make the reas'ner man!

Ibid.

When Superstition (bane of manly virtues!)

Strikes root within the soul ; it over-runs
And kill the power of Reason.

PHILIPS's Humphry Duke of Gloucester.

S U P P O S I T I O N. *See HOPE.*

Suppose ! thou dearest child of flatt'ring Hope,
Big with delight and prodigal of bliss ;
Shall I embrace thee with a mother's fondness ?
No, thou art set at distance from my eyes,
And it were madness but to wish thee there.

SEWEL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Supposition still outflies Discretion,
And by a giddy swiftness loses Certainty.

HARVARD's Regulus.

S U R P R I S E.

All guard themselves when stronger foes invade :
Yet by the weak, surprises may be made.

DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

We came like bold intruding guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome :
The scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping :
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er them,
And took what joint came next ; arms, heads, or legs,
Somewhat indecently : But when men want light,
They make but bungling work.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

—————A battle blindly fought,
Where Darkness and Surprise, made Conquest cheap !
Where Virtue borrow'd but the arms of Chance,
And struck a random blow ! 'Twas Fortune's work,
And Fortune take the praise. *Ibid.*

S U S P I C I O N.

Oh ! what a ready tongue Suspicion has !
He that but fears the thing he would not know,

Has

Has by instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what is fear'd is chanc'd !

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry IV.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :
The thief still fears each bush and officer.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue,

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

————— A crowd of thoughts,
Doubting, discordant, tumult in my breast,
Unsettling my resolves—What should I think ?—
Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge—

MALLETT'S Mustapha.

————— I wou'd not wrong
Virtue so try'd, by the least shade of Doubt :
Undue Suspicion is more abject baseness,
Even than the Guilt suspected.

HILL'S Merope.

S W E E T.

A greater sweetness on those lips there grows,
Than breath shut out from a new-folded rose.

HOWARD'S Indian Queen.

She's sweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the arms
Of budding flowers.

HOWARD'S Duke of Lerma.

O soft as blossoms, and yet sweeter far !
Sweeter than incense, which to Heaven ascends,
Tho' 'tis presented there by angels hands !

OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him bear the billows under him,
And ride upon their backs : He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The most swell'd surge that met him : His bold head
High

High 'bove the contentious waves he kept,
And oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore.

SHAKESPEARE'S Tempest.

Accoutred as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubl'd Tiber, chafing with the shores :
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.

———Th' affrighted Belvidera,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep :
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine :
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other, dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

He plung'd into the Seine, and where 'twas swiftest,
Plough'd to his point against the headstrong stream.

LEE'S Massacre of Paris.

———Now far calling o'er the main his eye,
With trembling indignation he beheld
His distant fleet inactive to his aid ;
Then heav'd his breast, and springing with the thought,
He headlong plung'd him in the waves.

* * * * *

In one rais'd hand aloft above the tide,
Some scrolls of high importance he preserv'd ;
And with his other, plough'd the surge before him :
As oft, athwart the rapid floods of Nile,
Some monstrous crocodile, in quest of prey,
Rolls his huge length, thro' showers of darts along ;
So fearless of the hissing shafts around him,
Swam the fell Caesar foaming to his foe.

CIDDER'S Caesar in Egypt.

S W O O N.

S W O O N I N G.

Her eyes are clos'd, and thro' with her 'tis night,
 Her beauty shines without the help of light;
 Nature begins to conquer in the strife,
 And thro' her lips soft whispers steal of life:
 How fresh they shew! The roses almost gone,
 For want of air, by breath seem newly blown!
 Her eyes begin to move, and shine with life,
 Now sink again in Death's ungentle strife!
 In doubtful weather, so the sun resigns
 Sometimes his light to clouds, and sometimes shines.

Howard's Postal Virgin.

My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
 And swims before me in the maze of Death.

Dryden's All for Love.

A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
 His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale;
 His speech forsook him; Life itself seem'd fled.

Orway's Orphan.

A sudden damp has seiz'd my vital spirits;
 I see but thro' a mist, and hear far off.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

— She faints!

Her cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
 Hangs heavy on her lids!

Rom's Ulysses.

Sure I am near upon my journey's end:
 My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail;
 And dancing shadows swim before my sight.

Rom's Jane Shore.

She faints! support her!

Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
 Into her dying lips! From spices, drugs,
 Rich herbs, and flowers, the potent juice is drawn;

With wondrous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
 Drives them around, and wakens Life anew :
 And see ! she stirs, and the returning blood
 Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
 Upon her ashy cheeks !

Ibid.

T A L E.

BY Heaven, I could recount a tale
 Should animate the very walls, e'en make
 Yon solid statues kindle into life,
 And cry aloud for Vengeance ; rouse your father
 At mid-day, from the iron sleep of Death,
 To thunder fierce revenge in your deaf ears.

BARFORD'S Virgin Queen.

T E A R S.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silver-like doth progress on thy cheeks :
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation :
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower blown up by tempest of thy soul,
 Startles my eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
 Than had I seen the vaulted top of Heaven,
 Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

SHAKESPEARE'S King John.

Tears

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.

Thy heart is big ! Get thee apart, and weep :
 Passion I see is catching, for my eyes,

Seeing

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. *SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart?
Waste not those precious tears! O weep no more!
Should Heav'n frown, the world would be too poor!
(Robb'd of the sacred treasure of your eyes,)
To pay for mercy, one fit sacrifice!

ETHEREGE'S Love in a Tub.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds; in their infant dew:
Your lustre you should free from tears maintain,
Like Egypt, rich without the help of rain.
Now curs'd be he, who gave this cause of grief,
And doubly curs'd, who does not give relief.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada,

————— I found her on the floor,
In all the storm of grief; yet beautiful!
Sighing such a breath of Sorrow, that her lips,
Which late appear'd like buds, were now o'erblown!
Pouring forth tears, at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

LEE'S Mithridates.

'Twould raise your pity, but to see the tears
Force thro' her snowy lids their melting course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmuring lips,
That talk such mournful things; when straight a gale
Of starting sighs carry those pearls away,
As dews by winds are waisted from the flowers. *Ibid.*

By Heav'n's, my love, thou dost distract my soul!
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,
But makes my heart weep blood. *Ibid.*

Oh! I will credit my Semandra's tears!
Nor think them drops of chance; like other women's,
F 5 The

The weather of their souls, the chrysal bubbles,
Which they can make at will ! *Ibid.*

One smile, one tear of joy from my Semandra,
Will wash the anger of the gods away ! *Ibid.*

She then look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchanging face, the silent tears
Dropp'd as they had not leave, and stole their parting.
DRYDEN's All for Love.

————— In tears my fair Candiope !
So, thro' a watry cloud,
The sun at once seems both to weep and shine !
For what forefather's sin do you afflict
Those precious eyes, For sure you have
None of your own to weep !

DRYDEN's Secret Love.

Stop, stop those tears, Monimia ! for they fall,
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky !
I feel them chill me to the very heart.

OWEN's Orphan.

Passion grew big, and I could not forbear !
'Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul !
Ibid.

I see thy modest tears asham'd to fall,
And witness any part of woman in thee.

DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.

Believe these tears, which from my wounded heart,
Bleed at my eyes.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

————— Still thou weepest !
Come, let me kiss thy eyes, and catch those pearls,
Hold thy cheeks close to mine, that none may fall,
And spare me some of those celestial drops !

BANKS's Unhappy Favourite.

O dry those tears, those drops of liquid pearl !

More

More precious far than aromatic gums,
Or fragrant balm which Eastern groves distil!

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

Mine is a grief of Fury, not Despair!
And if a manly drop or two fall down,
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,
That sputtering in the flames, works outward into tears.

DRYDEN's Cleomenes.

The waiting tears stood ready for command,
And now they flow to varnish the false tale.

ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her heart was breaking!

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

O raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth!
It is too much this tide of flowing grief,
This waste of tears!

Ibid.

Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy drooping
head,
Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.

ROWE's Jane Grey.

Thy tell-tale eyes, the rising breath that swells
Those snowy orbs, these tears of pearly dew,
That, drop by drop, steal from thy languid eyes,
Silently speak the passion of thy soul!

C. JOHNSON's Force of Friendship.

From his big heart, o'ercharg'd with generous sorrow;
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave.

RODNO's Buzrin.

I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh!
Tears made her cheek feel like a damask rose
Wet with cold evening dew.

FENTON's Mariamne.

Thy tears are no reproach,
Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek,
The cruel cannot weep. Lo! Friendship's eye
Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself.

THOMSON'S Sophonisba.

These fond tears,
This woman's idle, ineffectual sorrow,
Are all th' assistance which thy friend can give:
Thus the poor mother of the tuneful brood,
Which some rapacious peasant tears away,
With feeble cries flutters around the nest,
In vain opposing the destroyer's hand.

FROWDE'S Philotas.

Of Nature's tears
I would not rob thee; thy invigorate Virtue,
Softens at once, and fortify the heart:
But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
They then grow tears of weakness.

THOMSON'S Edward and Eleonora.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly—and be proud.
To give the flowing Virtue manly way.
'Tis Nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt;
In soft adoption of another's sorrow. *HILL'S Alzira.*

Those tears, my daughter, are a tribute due
To so much blasted Virtue! Heav'n, that knows
The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud Love's debt, when decent paid:
Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.

SHERLEY'S Parricide.

Oh! why in tears?—Yet even in tears most lovely!
So charms sweet morning, when the vernal ray
Resplendent shines thro' the descending dews,
And crowns the prime of Nature with fresh glories!

PATERSON'S Arminius.

Receive

Receive a tribute. Heav'n itself accepts;
 These tears of joy, that stream to Philip's praise;
 And tears that flow from high-born hearts oblig'd,
 Are brides which the most glorious kings may take.

CIBBER's King John.

How, thro' her tears, with pale and trembling radiance,
 The eye of Beauty shines, and lights her sorrows!
 As rises o'er the storm some silver star,
 The seaman's hope, and promise of his safety.

FRANCIS's Eugenia.

Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
 With torment burn their passage to my heart.

YOUNG's Brothers.

Grief is the unhappy charter of our sex;
 The gods who gave us readier tears to shed
 Gave us more cause to shed them.

WHITEHEAD's Creusa.

T E M P E R A N C E.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
 Nor did I with unbalshful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility:
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly. *SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.*

T E M P T A T I O N.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
 The temper, or the tempted, who sins most?
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I;
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That Modesty may more betray our sense

Than

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? Oh sic, sic, sic!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh let her brother live!
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What! Do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on?
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook? Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving Virtue: Never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Measure for Measure*.

T E R R O R.

————— A nameless terror stirs my soul,
 And spreads severe disquiet thro' my bosom.
 Why should I fear? The man of guilt alone
 Should feel disorder.—'Tis but Nature's frailty;
 Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,
 Where hopes and fears arise, and pass by turns.

MILLET'S *Myrrha*.

What means this boding terror that usurps,
 In spite o' me, dominion o'er my heart,
 Converting the sweet flow'r of new-blown Hope
 To deadly night-shade! pois'ning to my soul
 The fountain of its bliss.

MILLER'S *Mahomet*.

T H A N K S.

Oh! hadst thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
 Thy actions, all thy laurels, that lie green

Upon

Upon thee, strait would wisher and be dust:
 To mention but thy last, the last of wars,
 Which ev'n the breath of majesty makes vile;
 So much below thy valour is all language!
 The glory of that battle is your own:
 To thee we owe the day, our life, and empire!
 Demand I say, ask me most royally;
 I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
 And crown thy wishes like a giving god.

Lar's Mithridates.

Now by my hopes of mercy, he's so lost,
 His heart's so full, brimful of tenderness,
 The sense of what you've done has struck him speechless,
 Nor can he thank you now but with his tears. *Ibid.*

Fain I, in gratitude, would something say,
 But am too far in debt for thanks to pay.

Otway's Don Carlos.

Well have you made amends by this last comfort,
 For the cold dart you shot at me before:
 For this last goodness, O, my Athenais!
 I empty all my soul in thanks before you.

Lee's Theodosius.

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you:
 Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
 That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Otway's Orphan.

With gratitude as low, as knees can pay,
 To those best holy fires, our guardian angels,
 Receive these thanks, till altars can be rais'd.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

——— You have deserv'd from me
 More than Reward can answer,
 Were the main ocean crusted into land,
 And universal monarchy were mine,
 Here should the gift be plac'd. *Ibid.*

——— What

What I am,
Is but thy gift : Make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no repulse. *Ibid.*

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine. *Ibid.*

Grant me but life, good Heav'n, but length of days !
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engag'd to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate !
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd ;
Then, then 'twill be enough !—I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all æra's then
Of yet unmeasur'd time, when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompence of Love and matchless Truth !

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

O call not to my mind what you have done !
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt ev'n in hopes ! *Ibid.*

What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise ? So Heav'n itself is paid !
Rowe's Tamerlane.

For that kind word
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness !
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

O my more than father !
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy !
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee ;
Forget ! but 'tis impossible ; then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,

Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
 To wander in the desert, among brutes;
 To bear the various fury of the seasons;
 The night's unwholesome dew, and noon-day's heat;
 To be the scorn of earth, and curse of Heav'n.

Ibid.

——— Oh! let me unlade my breast,
 Pour out the fulness of my soul before you!
 Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
 This wond'rous goodness stirs! But 'tis impossible,
 And utterance all is vile; since I can only
 Swear you reign here, but never tell how much!

Ibid.

——— Your bounty is beyond my speaking;
 But tho' my mouth be dumb my heart shall thank you;
 And when it melts before the throne of Mercy,
 My fervent soul shall breathe one prayer for you;
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need
 The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
 Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but words.

Southern's Fate of Capua.

You have so o'erpower'd me
 With unexpected kindness, that my tongue
 Is mute, and speech too scanty to express
 My inward gratitude—I cannot thank you.

Trapp's Abramule.

Such thanks as slaves redeem'd from bondage give,
 Such vows as Love recovered from Despair,
 Breathes forth in extasy of rapt'rous joy,
 Receive from these warm lips;
 I am that slave from chains by thee redeem'd,
 That Love by thee recovered from Despair.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

——— Heart, deliver'd greetings!

Such.

Such as no Love, no Friendship ever breath'd :
 The fervency of thanks for his deliverance,
 When the wreck'd sailor finds himself on land,
 Gives but a faint idea of their zeal.

Howard's Regular.

Your pious offices shall ever be
 My fervent theme; and if my doubtful span,
 Relenting Heav'n should stretch to years remote,
 Each passing hour shall still remind my thought,
 And tell me that I owe my all to thee;
 My friend shall thank you too for lengthen'd life.

Jones's Earl of Essex.

T H O U G H T S.

I have been studying how to compare
 The prison where I live, unto the world;
 And for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it: Yet I'll hammer't out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still breeding thoughts;
 And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world:
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine are intermix'd
 With scruples, and set the Faith itself
 Against the Faith.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders! How these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage thro' the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my rugged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot die in their own pride,
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves;
 And shall not be the last! Like silly beggars,
 Who sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,
 That many have, and others must be there;

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such who have before endured the like.
 Thus play I in one prison many people,
 And none contented: Sometimes I am a king;
 Then Treason makes me with myself a beggar;
 And so I am. Then crushing Penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king:
 Then I am king'd again; and by and by
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing: But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, but that man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 By being nothing. *SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.*

Thought's the slave of Life, and Life's Time's fool.
 And Time that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop. *SHAKESPEARE's Henry VIII.*

There is nothing,
 Or good, or bad, but thinking makes it so.
SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

Thoughts succeed thoughts, like restless troubled waves,
 Dashing out one another.
Howard's Duke of Lerma.

Thus my thoughts are tired
 With tedious journies up and down my mind:
 Sometimes they lose their way; sometimes as slow
 As beasts o'erloaded, heavily they move,
 Press'd by the weight of Sorrow and of Love.
Howarth's Royal Virgin.

Consider? How should I
 Consider, who grow mad with growing thoughts?
 When every one, endeavouring to be foremost,
 Stop up the passage, and will choak my Reason.
Lee's Unbridled.

Pensive like kings, in their declining state.
Danvers's Rival Ladies.
 —My

My thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

OTWAY'S Orphan

Oh! that my working thoughts were once at rest,
Still as fallen stars, or streams bound up in frost!

TATE'S Loyal General

O peaceful Solitude!

Here all things smile, and in sweet concert join:
All but my thoughts, that still are out of tune;
And break like jarring strings, the harmony! *Ibid.*

I think, therefore I am: Hard state of man,
That proves his being by an argument,
That speaks him wretched! Birds in cages lose
The freedom of their natures unconfin'd;
Yet they will sing, and bill, and murmur there,
As merrily as if they were on wing:
But man, that reasoning favourite of Heav'n,
How can he bear it? Tho' the body find
Respite from torment, yet the mind has none!
But thousand restless thoughts, of different kinds,
Beat thick upon the soul! Some are comparing
The present with the past: How happy once
I was, and now how wretched! Some presenting
My miseries, by others happiness;
Whilst others falsely flatter me to life,
Tell me my fortune ripens in the womb
Of Time; and I shall yet be happy.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother

I'm glad to find thee and my mind at peace,
Thy thoughts all clear as chrystal current streams
In wanton play, coursing each other down
From the fair fountain of an honest soul.

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment

My ridden thoughts, hagg'd with oppressive tears,
Have sunk my spirits to the depth of Hell. *Ibid.*

Oh! sleep that thought, and I shall be at ease. *Ibid.*

— O name it not again !
 It shews a beastly image to my Fancy,
 Will wake me into madness !

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

— Wild hurrying thoughts
 Start every way from my distracted soul,
 To find out Hope, and only meet Despair.

SOUTHERN's Fatal Marriage.

Thinking will make me mad : Why must I think,
 When no thought brings me comfort ? *Ibid.*

— Thou hast rous'd a thought,
 Which like a sudden earthquake, shakes my frame.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

— Oh ! thou hast search'd too deep !
 There, there I bleed ! There pull the horrid cords
 That strain my cracking nerves ! Engines and wheels
 That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm,
 To that soul-racking thought ! *Ibid.*

See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,
 Stiffening in thought. *Ibid.*

— Forget that thought
 Which jarring grates your soul, and turns the harmony
 Of blessed Peace, to curs'd infernal Discord,

ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

Thought is damnation ! 'Tis the plague of devils
 To think on what they are ! *Ibid.*

Her thoughtful soul labours with some event
 Of high import, which jostles like an embryo
 In its dark womb, and longs to be disclos'd. *Ibid.*

— Stop there, Aspasia !
 And bar my fancy from the guilty scene !
 Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
 Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
 As would distract me ! *ROWE's Tamerlane.*

— By

———By Heav'n! I'd rather be a dog
And lead a brutal life, without reflection,
Than to be stung with this tormenting thought!

Dennis's Rinaldo and Armida.

Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
To let them brood in secret o'er my sorrows.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Turn not to thought my brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented shade: There lay me down,
And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. *Ibid.*

He heav'd beneath a pressing load of Thought. *Ibid.*

———Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilences,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought.

Ibid.

There is a strange disorder in thy thoughts,
Something thou would'st unfold, but know'st not how.

Ibid.

———O calm
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason!

Ibid.

———A thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once: This way, and that, they snatch:
They tear my hurried soul! All claim attention,
And yet not one is heard!

Rowe's Jane Shore.

O Thought! could thinking like a cruel child
Destroy its parent—All were well again,
But thou self-conscious multiply'st thyself,
Not losing aught tho' ever bringing forth,
Ill-fated womb of better fruitfulness.

Swet's Sir Walter Raleigh.

———Why

Why do I think,
 When ev'ry thought adds fuel to the flame,
 Brings in fresh woe, and makes pain perpetual?
 Here Reason is but giv'n us for a curse,
 And sense is, when most exquisite, most painful;
 But 'tis the fate of wretchedness like mine,
 We, by avoiding, run into the danger,
 And striving not to think—then think the most.

HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.

In this dread interval, O busy Thought,
 From outward things descend into thyself!
 Search deep my heart! Bring with thee awful Con-
 science,
 And firm Resolve! That in th' approaching hour
 Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd:
 Nor fear to strike where Justice calls, nor dare
 To strike where she forbids.

BROWN'S Barbarossa.

T H R E A T N I N G.

Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
 That I may kill him and not stain my glory!

BEAUMONT'S Maid's Tragedy.

From his iron den I'll wake Death,
 And hurl him on this king: My honesty
 Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
 I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
 Of this proud man, and be too glittering
 For him to look on,

Bida.

By my just sword, he'd safer
 Bestride a billow, when the angry North
 Loughs up the seas, or made Heav'n's fire his food.

Bida.

Let hills on hills betwixt me, and the man
 That utters this, and I will scale them all,
 And from the utmost tops fall on his neck
 Like thunder from a cloud.

BEAUMONT'S Philaster.

Did

Did he, my slave, presume to look so high!
That crawling insect, who from mud began,
Warm'd by my rays, and kindled into man!

DAVIDEN'S Aurengzebe.

Safer thou may'st with thunder play, kiss fire,
Grapple with Death, a pestilence invade,
With all his fatal, purple pomp array'd.

LEE'S Sophonisba.

Oh! wert thou young again, I would put off
My majesty to be more terrible;
That like an eagle I might strike this hare,
Trembling to earth! Shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold lie, thou feeble dotard!

LEE'S Alexander.

Oh! that thou wert a man, that I might drive thee
Around the world, and scatter thy contagion,
As gods hurl mortal plagues when they are angry.

Ibid.

Think not I have forgot your insolence:
No, tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.

Ibid.

I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philotas' rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Ibid.

If she be dead—That if's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a lie,
I'll have his body strait impal'd before me,
And glut my eyes upon his bleeding entrails.

Ibid.

Peace, villains! Peace, conspiring sycophants!
Now, by the gods my eyes are half uncal'd;
But if the thought that kindles in my breast,
Finds proper fuel to increase my fire,

I shall

I shall consume you : Traitors, if I find,
Which I begin to do, that you have play'd
The villain :
Mark me ; if aught of this, if any shadow
Appears that you conspir'd to betray me,
I'll heap such horrors on your frighted souls,
That you shall call your brother devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my fury.

LEE's Mitbridates.

Oh ! that thou wer't my equal, great in arms,
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour.

DRYDEN's All for Love.

When my ghost is from this body dash'd,
If such a goblin as a ghost there be,
I'll rise and wing the midway air to wait thee ;
Hurl'd thou shalt be, as Saturn was by Jove,
And flug beneath me while I reign above.

LEE's Oedipus.

— Oh ! I can bear no more !

Thy cunning engines have with labour rais'd
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and crush thee dead ! See, thou rash Ixion,
Thy promis'd Juno vanish'd in a cloud !
And in her room, avenging thunder rolls,
To blast thee !

Ibid.

— But hear me, maid, this blot of Nature,

This deform'd loath'd carcase
Master of a sword, to reach the blood
Of your young minion, spoil the gods fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Ibid.

Yes, ye gods ! ye shall have ample vengeance
On Laius' murderer ! O the traitor's name !
I know it ; I will : Art shall be conjur'd for't,
And Nature all unravell'd. I'll fetch him,
Who's lodg'd in air upon a dragon's wing ;

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Tho'

Tho' rocks should hide him : Nay he shall be drag'd
 From Hell, if charms can hurry him along :
 His ghost shall be, by sage Tiresias' pow'r,
 Confin'd to flesh, to suffer death once more ;
 And then be plung'd in his first fires again. *Ibid.*

My vengeance rolls within my breast ! It must,
 It will have vent ! My blood rides high ! I will ne-
 hide

My head, but meet thee in the very face of danger !
 Oh ! Were I on some precipice
 High as Olympus, and a sea beneath !
 Call when thou durst, just on the sharpest point,
 I'll meet, and tumble with thee to destruction !
 A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty men,
 As I'll haunt thee !

Nay, should'st thou take the Stygian lake for refuge,
 I'll plunge in after, thro' the boiling flames,
 To push thee hissing down the vast abyss.

DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.

————— Rack me

Ye pow'rs above, with all your choicest torments,
 Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
 If I not practise cruelty upon her,
 And treat revenge, some way yet never known !

OTWAY'S Orphan.

————— Do me justice,

Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
 Shall make this dwelling horrible to Nature :
 I will have justice :

Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong ? *Ibid.*

————— Oh ! that I had

Some one renown'd, and winter'd as myself,
 T'encounter, like an oak, the rooting storm !
 But thou art weak, and to the earth wilt bend,
 With my least blast, thy head of blossoms down.

LEE'S Caesar Borgia.

Spe

Speak then, or I will tear thee limb from limb :
 Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the truth :
 But if thou hide ought from me, I will rack thee,
 'Till with thy horrid groans, thou wake the dead :
 Or I will cut thee to anatomy,
 And search thro' all thy veins to find it out. *Ibid.*

If then, I prove thee false, O Bellamir !
 Not that celestial copy, ev'n thy face,
 Shall 'scape ; but I will raze thee draught, as if
 It ne'er had been the pattern of the gods :
 If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
 That skin of thine, that matchless vest of Heav'n,
 Which some more curious angel cast about thee,
 Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the skin !
 If thou dost play me false, think not of Mercy :
 I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thy soul,
 Body and soul to everlasting ruin. *Ibid.*

O did I know the name of him I dread !
 What god in arms should save him from thy sword ?
Ibid.

—— I will crumble thee,
 Thou bottled spider, into thy primitive earth,
 Unless thou swear thy very thought's a lie.
Dryden's Duke of Guise.

—— Infamous wretch !
 So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee. *Ibid.*
 Hast thou compacted for a lease of years,
 With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me !
Ibid.

Had any broad-mouth'd stand'rous villain said it,
 I would have turn'd him outside to the sun,
 Display'd the infected fountain of his thoughts,
 And stabb'd the venom'd lie down to his heart.
Southern's Disappointment.

Tho' he were great as the first Caesar was,
 G 2 High

High seated in the empire of the world,
 With nations waiting round him for his guards,
 He went to nothing; all his glories here
 Should meet his fate, and fall before my fury. *Ibid.*

————— Destruction! swift Destruction
 Fall on my coward head, and make my name
 The common scorn of fools, If I forgive him:
 If I forgive him, if I not revenge
 With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
 Thy sufferings, thou dear darling of my life!

OTWAY'S Venice Preserved.

Cowards are scar'd with threatnings: Boys are whipp'd
 Into confessions; but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel. *Ibid.*

Oh! that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
 That one might bourgeon where another fell!
 Still would I give thee work! Still, still, thou tyrant
 And hiss thee with the last!

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

Think not you dream; and if you did, my injuries
 Shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake:
 And Death should give you back to answer me:
 The long expected hour is come at length,
 By manly Vengeance to redeem my fame:
 And that once clear'd, eternal Death is welcome.

Ibid.

————— Thou hast dar'd
 To tell me what I durst not tell myself;
 I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
 And live to hear it boasted to my face:
 All my long avarice of honour lost;
 Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
 Has Honour's fountain sucked back the stream?
 He has: And hooting boys may dryshod pass,
 And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
 Give me my love, my honour, give 'em back!
 Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it! *Ibid.*

By Heav'n, I will not lay down my commission,
Not at his foot; I will not stoop so low;
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there. *Ibid.*

——— Avoid him! If we meet,
It must be like the crush of heav'n and earth,
T' involve us both in ruin. *Ibid.*

——— Thou might'st as safely meet
The thunder launch'd from the red arm of Jove.
DRYDEN'S Amphitryon.

Thou would'st elude my justice, and escape;
But I will follow thee thro' earth and seas;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just revenge. *Ibid.*

Thou shalt be torn by horses, rack'd alive,
Be bury'd quick; I'll have thee hew'd to pieces.
Prometheus' vulture, and Ixion's wheel,
The stone, the sieve, the tortures of the damn'd,
Are but slight pains: Thou shalt be more than damn'd.

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence:
'Tis daring for a god!

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Wer't thou not privileg'd, like age and women,
My sword should reach thee, and revenge the wrong
Thy tongue has done my fame!

ROWE'S Ambitious Stepmother.

Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me, and for thee
I had us'd thee as thou art to me, a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:
Then when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have cag'd thee for the scorn of slaves,

Till thou had'st begg'd to die; and even that mercy
I had deny'd thee.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

I'll print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

To the earth's utmost verge I will pursue him;
No place, tho' e'er so holy, shall protect him;
No shape, that artful Fear e'er form'd, shall hide him.

Ibid.

On eagles wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from the topmost height:
Then like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

— Dost thou know

How vile, how very a wretch my pow'r can make thee?
'That I can let loose Fear, Distress, and Famine,
'To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, thro' the world?
'That I can place thee in such abject state,
As Help shall never find thee? Where repining
'Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish;
Groan to the pitiless winds without return;
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desarts;
And curse thy life in bitterness of misery?

Ibid.

Is there revenge on earth, or pain in Hell?
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest,
Even endless torments, which thou shalt not suffer?

SMITH's Phœdra and Hippolytus.

Oh! thou shalt howl thy fearful soul away,
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport!
Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish!
Let him be rack'd and ganch'd, impal'd alive!

Then

Then let the mangl'd monster fix'd on high,
Grim o'er the shouting croud, and glut their vengeance!

Ibid.

Then hear me, Heav'n! be witness to my vow;
I will have vengeance equal to their crimes.
Yes, faithless husband, and thou, perjur'd friend,
Who oft has sworn eternal truth and zeal,
If Guilt has slain'd you, both alike shall prove
There is no fury like an injur'd love.
Convinc'd of wrongs, my rage shall know no bounds,
But pour like driving floods from broken mounds!
With sweepy ruin to fell Conquest haste;
Lay lives, hopes, honours, all one dreary waste.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

————— Insolent Ostrond I know,
This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,
And all who shall invade his sacred rights,
Prior to thine—Thine founded on compulsions
On infamous deceit, while his proceed
From mutual love and free long plighted faith.
She is, and shall be mine!—I will annul,
By the high power with which the laws invest me,
Those guilty forms in which you have entrap'd,
Basely entrap'd, to thy detested nuptials,
My queen betroth'd; who has my heart, my hand,
And shall partake my throne—If, haughty lord,
If this thou didst not know, then know it now!
And know besides, as I have told thee this,
Should'st thou but think to urge thy treason further—
Than treason more! Treason against my love!
Thy life shall answer for it.

THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.

————— I will come.
And with me (tremble to be told it) comes
The god, that rais'd my race to root out tyrants.
For thee proud troubler of a pilfer'd hour!
Whom Age and Guilt combine to shake from empire!

Soon shall the throne thou stol'st no more be thine,
 And every snaky Fury hiss to find thee:
 Horror and Penitence shall pale those eyes,
 Which, insolently ardent, frown on Virtue.
 Menace and Insult, then shall quit thy voice,
 And groaning Anguish grin it. *Hill's Merope.*

May stern Andate, War's victorious goddess,
 Again resign me to your impious rage,
 If e'er I blot my suff'rings from remembrance,
 If e'er relenting Mercy cool my vengeance,
 Till I have driv'n you to our utmost shores,
 And cast your legions on the crimson'd beach.
 Your costly dwellings shall be sunk in ashes,
 Your fields be ravag'd, your aspiring bulwarks
 O'erturn'd and levell'd to the meanest shrub;
 Your gasping matrons, and your children's blood,
 With mingled streams shall dye the British sword,
 Your captive warriors victims at our altars,
 Shall croud each temple's spacious round with death.
Glover's Boadicea.

Has honest Pride no just resentment left!
 Nor injur'd Honour feeling? Not revenge!
 High heaven shall hear, and earth regret my wrongs:
 Hot Indignation burns within my soul!
 I'll do some dreadful thing.—(I know not what!
 Some deed as horrid as the shame I feel)
 Shall startle Nature, and alarm the world;
 Then hence, like lightning, let me furious fly
 To hurl destruction at my foes on high;
 Pull down Oppression from its tyrant seat,
 Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate.

Jones's Earl of Essex.

T H U N D E R.

From winds and thick'ning clouds we thunder fear;
 None dread it from that quarter which is clear.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

It

It comes like thunder, grumbling in a cloud,
Before the dreadful break ; if here it falls,
The subtle flame will lick up all my blood,
And in a moment turn my heart to ashes.

DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.

The skies are hush'd, no grumbling thunders roll.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

O for a peal of thunder, that could make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble !

ADDISON'S Cato.

T I M E.

1. Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons ;
I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time
Trots withal, who Time gallops withal,
And who he stands still withal.

2. Prithee whom doth he trot withal ?

1. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between
The contract of her marriage, and the day
It is solemniz'd ; if the interim
Be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard,
That it seems the length of seven years.

2. Who ambles Time withal ?

1. With a priest that lacks Latin,
And with a rich man that hath not the gout ;
For th' one sleeps easily, 'cause he cannot study ;
And th' other lives merrily, 'cause he feels no pain :
The one lacking the burthen of lean and
Wasteful learning ; the other knowing no
Burthen of heavy tedious penury.

2. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

1. With a thief to the gallows :
For though he goes as softly as foot can fall,
He thinks himself too soon there.

2. Whom stays it still withal ?

1. With the lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep
Between

Between term and term, and then they perceive
Not how time moves.

SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

Good Heav'n! thy book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of this day :
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow. }
'That minute, ev'n the happy from their bliss might give,
And those who live in grief a shorter time would live,
So small a link, if broke, th' eternal chain,
Would, like divided waters, join again :
It will not be, the fugitive is gone,
Press'd by the crowd of following minutes on :
'That precious moment's out of Nature fled,
And in the heap of common rubbish laid, }
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

Tell her
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy ;
Oh! why so long shou'd I my joys delay,
'Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay, }
But to a moment change the tedious day,
'The day, 'twill be an age before to-morrow :
An age, a death, a vast eternity,
Where we shall cold, and past enjoyment lie.

LEE'S Theodosius.

Despair not then; for Time these griefs will cure,
'Time dries the sighing widow's eyes, and makes
The wretch in bondage in his chains forget
'That ever he was happy.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
'Those skies thro' which it rolls, must all have end ;
What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year:
Our life is but a chain of many deaths.

Can

Can then Death's self be fear'd? Our life much rather:
 Life is the desert, life the solitude;
 Death joins us to the great majority:
 'Tis to be born to Plato's and to Cæsar,
 'Tis to be great for ever;
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then to die.

YOUNG's Revenge.

Time, lenient Time, that heals the deepest woe,
 And our observant duty shall restore
 His soul to peace, and win him back to Virtue.

PATERSON's Arminius.

T I M O N ' s C U R S E .

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children: Slave and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads to general filths:
 Convert i' th' instant green virginity:
 Do't in your parents eyes: Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back: Out with your knives
 And cut your trusters throats: Bound servants steal;
 Large handed robbers your grave masters are
 And pill by law: Maid to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' th' brothel: Son of sixteen
 Pluck the kind crutch from thy old limping sire;
 With it beat out his brains: Piety and Fear,
 Religion to the gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestic Awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instructions, Manners, Mysteries, and Trade;
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries;
 And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to man;
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners: Lust and Liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
 That against the stream of Virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy : Breath infect breath ;
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !

SHAKESPEARE'S Timon of Athens.

T I T L E.

We are all foldiers, and all venture lives :
 And where there's no diff'rence in men's worths,
 Titles are all jests.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S King or no King.

I look down upon him
 With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave ;
 He's a name only, and all good in him
 He must derive from his great grandfire's ashes ;
 For had not their victorious acts bequeathed
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
 This is a lord, he had lived unobserved
 By any man of mark, and died as one
 Amongst the common rout.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S Custom of the Country.

What though no gaudy titles grace my birth !
 Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward !
 Sometimes the pay of Virtue, but more oft
 The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants :
 Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
 Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Did place draw claim from goodness, they had held
 Preferment, with the highest—But their virtues,
 Left room for no enlargement.—Native eminence
 Borrows no rank from title—but lends all,
 That keeps contempt from greatness. *Hill's Merope.*

TOIL.

T O I L.

And work is pleasure when we choose our task.

DRYDEN's State of Innocence.

Some labour, ev'n the easiest life would choose. *Ibid.*

Our labours you with sickly eyes behold,
And think them our dishonour, which indeed,
Are the protractive trials of the gods,
To prove heroic constancy in man.

DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.

T O M B.

Behold, my son, this rude unpolish'd marble,
The common receptacle of our dust,
When fate shall summon our obedient spirits.

TATE's Loyal General.

————— They'll decently bestow
This lumber in some vault by Nature fram'd ;
Wrapp'd in no fables but of decent Night :
No pageantry, or more superfluous trains
Of such as mourn for hire : No fun'ral dirge,
But what the widow'd turtle shall afford me.
The pomp that I despis'd in life, in death
I hold most vain : nor care to rot in state. *Ibid.*

————— 'Tis dreadful !
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof !
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror to my aking sight ! The tombs
And monumental caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart ;
The horror of this place,
And silence will encrease my melancholy !

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

Can

Can Pomp and Pride make difference in our dust ?
 Go call a curious look on Helen's tomb ;
 Do roses flourish there or myrtles bloom ?
 'The mighty Alexander's grave survey ;
 See is there aught uncommon in the clay ?
 Shines the earth bright round it to declare
 'The glorious robber of the world lies there ?
 What, Egypt, do thy pyramids comprize !
 What greatness in the high raised folly lies ?
 'The line of Ninus this poor comfort brings,
 We sell their dust, and traffick for their kings.

SEWEL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

T O N G U E.

Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 'The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.

O that delightful engine of her thoughts !
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet vary'd notes, inchanting every ear. *Ibid.*

Oh ! that my tongue had every grace of speech,
 Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
 Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing
 As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid.
 That I had art and eloquence divine !
 To pay my duty to my master's ashes ;
 And plead till death the cause of injur'd Innocence.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Speak on, and kill me with thy dying voice,
 Sweet instrument of sorrow grow not mute,
 Till I am cold and senseless.
 'Thou seest, Cleora, I have patient heard thee ;
 And silent stood this chain of long reproach ;

This

This war of Tongue, this din of clam'rous Virtue;
 Too sure attendant on the nuptial state.
 But since on Nature thou dost thus exclaim,
 Man too may tax her of unequal dealing.
 Oh! wherefore gave she to thy sex those charms,
 Which in her infancy herself first wore?
 Blooming and sweet, delightful to each sense,
 Mild, calm and gentle, she at first design'd you :
 But, in mistake, she chanc'd to give you tongues,
 Unhappy gift entrusted to your care,
 Whose proper use your passions quite pervert.

FRONDE'S Philotas.

T R A I T O R.

Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n!
 In thy great day of vengeance-blast the traitor
 And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
 For power, the pride of greatness or revenge,
 Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

By Heav'n there's treason in his aspect!
 That chearless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,
 That bended body, and those folded arms,
 Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
 And blazon equal Villainy and Shame:
 In what a dire condition is the wretch,
 Who, in the mirror of reflection, sees
 The hideous stains of a polluted soul! —
 To corners then, as does the loathsome toad,
 He crawls in silence: There sequester'd chews
 The foamy ferment of his pois'nous gall,
 Hating himself and fearing fellowship.

Shirley's Edward the Black Prince.

T R A V E L L E R.

1. Have you been a traveller?
2. Mylord, I have added to my knowledge the Low Countries

Countries, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy ;
 And tho' small gain of profit I did find,
 Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

1. What do you think of the several states,
 And princes courts as you have travell'd ?

2. My lord, no court with England may compare,
 Neither for state, nor civil government :
 Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
 From the poor peasant, to the prince's train ;
 In Germany, and Holland, riot serves ;
 And he that most can drink, most he deserves !
 England I praise not, for I here was born,
 But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

SHAKESPEARE'S Cromwell.

1. A traveller : by my faith, you have great,
 Great reason to be sad, I fear you have
 Sold your own lands, to see other men's.
 Then to have seen much, and to have nothing,
 Is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

2. I have gained my experience.

1. And your experience makes you sad,
 I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
 Than experience to make me sad,
 And travel for it too ;
 Farewell, Monsieur Traveller ; look you list,
 And wear strange suits, disable all the benefits
 Of your own country, be out of love with your
 Nativity, and almost chide God for
 Making you that countenance you are ;
 Or I'll scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

1. Some few particulars I have set down,
 Only for this meridian ; fit to be known
 Of your crude traveller.
 First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
 Very reserved and locked ; not tell a secret
 On any terms, not to your father, scarce
 A fable, but with caution ; make sure choice

Both

Both of your company and discourse ; beware
You never speak truth.

2. How !

1. Not to strangers ;

For those be they you must converse with ; most
Others I would not know, Sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a sayer in 'em :
You shall have tricks else past on you hourly :
And then for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of them all ;
And for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o'th' land, that could content you.

B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.

Sir, to a wise man all the world's a soil :
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth ;
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting for a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out. *Ibid.*

This is a traveller, Sir, knows men and
Manners, and has plow'd up sea so far,
Till both the poles have knock'd ; has seen the sun
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour
Of his horses, and their kinds, and had a
Flanders mare leap'd there.

BEAUMONT'S and FLETCHER'S Scornful Lady.

Thus the lost traveller at close of day,
Chearless, thro' Lybia's wastes pursues his way ;
Dreads the wide plain where trees, nor hills arise,
A sad expanse, still lengthning with the skies !
No land-mark there, no foot-steps can he trace,
Those from the unfaithful sands the winds eraze,
And leave, as on the sea, one undistinguish'd face,
When to his weary search no end is found,
Still in the midst, he throws him on the ground ;

There,

There, self-resign'd, expects approaching Fate,
And deems it blessings to the former state.

Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

As you have seen an unskill'd traveller,
Charm'd with some shady wood's delightful prospect,
Stretch out his limbs luxuriously supine,
And sink in slumbers thoughtless of his journey,
Till on a sudden, swift-wing'd Night comes on;
He starts, and rouses from his golden dream,
With aching heart beholds declining day,
Aghast and frighted roams the trackless wild,
And vainly searches the forgotten path,
Which intercepting darkness bars from view.

E. Harwood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.

TREACHERY.

False eyes

Are quick to see another's treacheries.

Howard's Indian Queen.

When breach of faith join'd hearts does disengage,
The calmest temper turns to wildest rage.

Lee's Sophonisba.

None can defend those who betray themselves.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

Princes invite, who pardon Treachery.

Ibid.

A treacherous friend will be a timorous foe.

Ibid.

Howe'er in private, mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and shame attend their open birth:

Like vipers in the womb, base Treach'ry lies

Still gnawing that whence first it did arise:

No sooner born, but the vile parent dies.

Congreve's Double Dealer.

—Nature

T R E

39

Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the society
And commerce of mankind, for breach of Faith &
Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,
A confidence of one another's truth :
That thou hast violated !

SOUTHERN's Oroonoko.

Why are the bosoms of the just and brave
Shut from each other's sight ? Why are they not
Open as chrystal casements to the eye ;
That artful Treachery might never cast
Clouds of Suspicion o'er their honest thoughts,
To marr that highest happiness on earth,
The mutual confidence of noble minds.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

It is the curse of Treachery like mine,
To be most hated, where it most has serv'd.

HAYARD's Regulus.

T R E A S O N.

The heart and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

Can gold corrupt you to betray your master ?
Dogs on their feeders fawn, but you betray.

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

How sweet is treason when the traitor's safe !

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Who strike at kings, repeat the giants crime,
And strike at Jove.

LANSDOWN's Heroic Love.

The faithful dog lies at the robber's throat,
That would break in to force his master's treasure :

But dogs are watchful creatures ; true to trust ;

Men are the first to prey upon their lords ;

In dangers they forsake us, shifting still

From side to side, as they can mend their bargain.

Ibid.

Ibid.

In faith, my friends ! these doubts disgrace our purpose,
The man, who pauses in the paths of Treason,
Halts on a quicksand, the first stop engulphs him.

HILL's Henry V.

Capricious state of all conspiracies !
Where build we e'er so wisely or so strong,
Founded on Reason, rais'd with utmost caution,
Some unthought accident, and least suspected,
Throws to the ground the goodly rising fabric.

FROWDE's Fall of Saguntum.

Curs'd state of politicians, where in treason
The impotent and heartless must be join'd !
And mix with those brave spirits, who resolv'd,
And fearless, would go through the mighty work,
Till the concluding period makes all safe,
But such, Conspiracy, is thy frail fate,
So many different hands to raise the pile,
If but one stops, the fabric sinks in ruin,
And crushes all that's near it with the fall.

MARSH's Amasis.

Think how the sov'reign arbiter of kingdoms,
Deserts thy false associate's black designs,
And frowns on Perjury, Revenge and Murder.
Embark'd with Treason on the seas of Fate,
When Heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at Rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger ?

S. JOHNSON's Irene.

Permitted oft, tho' not inspir'd by Heav'n,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

Ibid.

The cause of Treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open War ; but still adopts
The stab of crouching Murder.

SMOLLET's Regicide.

————— For know, that Treason
And prostituted Faith, like strumpets vile,

The

The slaves of Appetite, when Lust is sated,—
 Are turn'd adrift to dwell with Infamy,
 By those that us'd them. *BROWN'S Athelstan.*

T R E A T Y.

—————It is a vain attempt
 To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties :
 These they elude a thousand specious ways ;
 Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
 They blush not in the face of Heaven to break them.
THOMSON'S Coriolanus.

T R E E.

Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle :
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
 Whose top branch overlook'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

I, like a naked tree, my shelter gone,
 To winds and winter storms must stand expos'd.
DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

—————The young sapling
 Is shrouded long beneath the mother-tree,
 Before it be transplanted from its earth,
 And trust itself for growth.
DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.

T R I A L.

I see, 'tis not for man to boast his strength
 Before the trial comes—This very hour,
 Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light
 When weigh'd against my country ; and but now,
 One mother seem'd of weight to poize the world ;
 Tho' conscious Truth and Reason were against her.
 For

For, Oh ! howe'er the partial passions sway,
 High Heav'n assigns but one unbias'd way ;
 Direct thro' ev'ry opposition leads,
 Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.
 Here hold we on—tho' thwarting fiends alarm :
 Here hold we on—tho' devious Syrens charm ;
 In Heav'n's disposing pow'r events unite,
 Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.

BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.

Now let us thank th' eternal Pow'r ; convinc'd,
 That Heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction :
 That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
 Serves but to brighten all our future days !

BROWN'S Barbarossa.

T R I U M P H.

———He comes, and with a port so proud,
 As if he had subdu'd the spacious world :
 And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
 A glut of people, you would think some god
 Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
 That he might make his entrance on their heads !
 While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
 Are cast such gawdy show'rs of garlands down,
 That even the crowd appear like conquerors,
 And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,
 Set all with flow'rs, as a clear Heav'n with stars.
 Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the city enter'd
 Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs ;
 The very trees bore men : And as our god,
 When from the portal of the east he dawns,
 Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
 And prune their feathers in his golden beams ;
 So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
 Upon the pendant branches speak his praise ;
 Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,

Did

Did rob the crying infants of the breast;
 Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;
 And climbing boys, stood on their father's shoulders,
 Answering their shouting fires, with tender cries,
 To make the concert up of general joy.

Lee's Mithridates.

— In purple robes,
 With solemn state the magistrates proceed:
 The streets adorn'd; the doors with statues grac'd;
 Vast thronging crowds retard the great procession,
 Whose loud repeated shouts divide the air;
 While flutt'ring birds their empty pinions shake:
 With garlands crown'd the virgins strew the ways,
 And in glad hymns repeat his glorious name;
 While joyful mothers to their wond'ring babes
 Point out the hero as he drives along.

Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

He comes! he comes! the hapless victor comes!
 Even now his trophy'd vessel streaks the main,
 And ploughs the billows with triumphant prow;
 Or, by glad crowds receiv'd, perhaps, he hails
 His native shore, and presses on to shame.
 Ev'n now with Glory charg'd, with Conquest gay,
 Crown'd with the laurels of ten famous years,
 He dreams to join them to the peaceful olive;
 And after rugged toils, and perilous war,
 Soft to repose him on the myrtle bed
 Of calm domestic bliss. How vain the hopes!
 How short the prospect of believing man!

Thomson's Agamemnon.

T R U S T.

— Trust repos'd in noble natures,
 Obliges them the more,

Dryden's Affignation.

I'll trust thee with my life! On those soft breasts,
 Breathe

Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I have nothing in it left, but Love.

OTWAY's Orphan.

We both are bound by Trust, and must be true,
For he, who to the bad betrays his trust,
Tho' he does good, becomes himself unjust.
When Brutus did from Cæsar Rome redeem,
The act was good, but was not good in him :
You see the gods adjudg'd it parricide,
By dooming the event on Cæsar's side.
'Tis virtue not to be oblig'd at all,
Or not conspire our benefactor's fall.

DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

T R U T H.

Truth seldom lies conceal'd in mystery,
Clearly to Reason, she reveals her light,
And errors vanish like a mist before her.

SAVAGE's Sir Thomas Overbury.

Truth is the fairest ornament of thrones.

C. JOHNSON's Medea.

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue,
That dares not even to kings, avow the truth !
Let traitors wrap them in delusive incense,
On Flattery Flattery heap, on Falsehood Falsehood :
Truth is the living liberal breath of Heaven,
That sweeps these fogs away, with all their vermin.

THOMSON's Agamemnon.

——— Truth, tho' sometimes clad
In painful lustre, yet is always welcome,
Dear as the light, that shows the lurking rock :
'Tis the fair star that, ne'er into the main
Descending, leads us safe thro' stormy life.

Ibid.

——— Immortal Truth !
How do thy radiant particles refine,
And greatly prove thy origin divine !

What

What raptures bring'st thou to the virtuous breast,
Parent of Joy and everlasting rest.

HARVARD'S Scanderbeg.

Whatever lies or legendary tales
May taint my spotless deeds; the guilt, the shame,
Will back revert on the inventor's head:
Truth will, like oil, with baser metals mixt,
Still mount the topmost, to a fair display,
And baffle Malice, Prejudice and Guilt.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not Reason, in this form decry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace.
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath, the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling wood-lark lays:
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: While I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heaven's eter-
nal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,

I shone amid the heav'nly throng.

These eyes beheld Creation's day,

This voice began the choral lay,

And taught archangels their triumphant song.

Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,

Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,

Soft vernal fragrance cloath the flow'ring earth,

And Ocean heave on his extended bed;

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H

Saw

Saw the tall pine, aspiring, pierce the sky,
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly,
 Last man arose erect in youthful grace,
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
 And, as he rose, the high behest was given,
 " That I alone of all the host of Heav'n,
 " Should reign protectress of the god-like youth."
 Thus the Almighty spake, he spake and call'd me
 Truth. *Mason's Elfrida.*

T U R T L E.

The dove that murmurs at her mate's neglect,
 But counterfeit's a coyness to be courted.

Dryden's Amphitruon.

The storm blown over, so the wanton doves,
 Shake from their plumes, the rain, and seek the
 groves,
 Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves. }

Lansdown's British Enchanters.

T Y R A N N Y and T Y R A N T.

—Alas!

What in a man sequester'd from the world,
 Or in a private person is preferr'd,
 No policy allows of in a king!
 To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty;
 And Faith, tho' prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
 Such as good Fate forsakes. Join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;
 The stars are not more distant from the earth,
 Than Profit is from Honesty; all the pow'r,
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
 The sceptre, that strives only to be good;
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd, by force and blood.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

Tyranny,

Tyranny, that savage brutal pow'r,
Which not protects, but still devours mankind.

DENHAM's Sophy.

— And this to tyranny belongs,
To forget service, but remember wrongs. *Ibid.*

Tyrants and devils, think all pleasure vain,
But what are still deriv'd from other's pain.

DAVENANT's Siege of Rhodis.

When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a man bring,
But the brute soul, by chance was shuffl'd in;
In woods and wilds thy monarchy maintain,
Where valiant beasts by force and rapine reign:
In life's next scene, if transmigration be,
Some bear or lion is reserv'd for thee.

DAYDEN's Augustus.

Our emperor is a tyrant fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his reign one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost, that sees not blood:
When none is shed, we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This our own. *DAYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

You make yourself abhorr'd for cruelty,
The empire groans under your bloody reign,
And its vast body bleeds in every vein.

DAYDEN's Tyrannic Louis.

— Proud, impatient,
Of aught superior, even of Heav'n that made him!
Fond of false Glory; of the savage power
Of ruling without Reason; of confounding
Just and unjust, by an unbounded will:
By whom Religion, Honour, all the bands,
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of states, snares of wise princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction;
To waste with sword and fire their fruitful fields:

H 2

Like

Like some accused fiend, who 'scap'd from Hell,
Poisons the balmy air, thro' which he flies;
He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The labouring hind's best hopes, and marks his way
with ruin.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Methinks I see

Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd with
slaughter!

His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

Addison's Cato.

'Tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd. *Ibid.*

Tyrant's not a man, but worst of monsters,
That triumphs o'er a horrid scene of blood,
Riots and revels in all human woes.

Tracy's Periander.

Tyrants are plac'd as comets in the sky,
To make us unbelieving mortals wise;
Such prodigies as these are giv'n, to prove
There is a Deity that rules the world. *Ibid.*

What can we offer to the gods more pleasing,
Than base usurpers, foes to them and Virtue?
What can we sacrifice to Jove more proper,
Than Lust, Injustice, Cruelty, and Rapine?
One tyrant's blood is a more grateful offering
Than thousand hecatombs. *Martin's Timoleon.*

Tyranny bleeds, Oppression is no more,
Such ever be the fate of lawless power!
Such be the fate of Violence and Rapine! *Ibid.*

What must that monarch be, who lets one man
Ingross the offices of place and pow'r,

Who

Who with the purloin'd money of the state
Buys popularity.

Who merchandizes trusts,
And highest posts, and whose unbounded pow'r
Does on his worthless kindred lavish titles.

HAWARD'S K. Charles I.

Howe'er be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election;
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n
Can authorize Oppression; give a law
For lawless Pow'r; wed Faith to Violation;
On Reason build, misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to Injustice—Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper.

BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.

Tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world;
Fear trembles in the cement: Prayers and tears,
And secret curses sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of Allegiance from it;
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Where Tyranny and Guilt
Usurp the throne, wakeful Suspicion dwells,
And squint-ey'd Jealousy, prone to pervert,
Ev'n looks and smiles to Treason.

BROWN'S Barbarossa.

V A L E.

THEY had me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,

H 3

O'ercome

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe ;
 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven :
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make their fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.

V A L O U R.

1. What is true valour ?

2. 'Tis the greatest virtue, and the safety
 Of all mankind ; the object of it's danger.
 A certain mean 'twixt Fear and Confidence ;
 No inconfid'rate rashness, or vain appetite
 Of false encountring formidable things,
 But a true science of distinguishing
 What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
 And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
 Is always honour, and the public good :
 It is no valour for a private cause.

The office of a man
 That's truly valiant, is considerable
 Three ways ; the first is in respect of matter,
 Which still is danger ; in respect of form,
 Wherein he must preserve his dignity ;
 And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

A valiant man
 Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by selected ways.
 He undertakes with Reason, not by Chance.
 His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
 They're all unseason'd without it : The waiting-maid,
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,

His

His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security and quiet :
He can assure himself against all rumour ;
Despairs at nothing ; laughs at contumelies ;
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where Injury cannot reach him, nor Asperſion
Touch him with ſoyl ! *B. JOHNSON'S New-Inn.*

True valour, friends, on virtue founded ſtrong,
Meets all events alike. *MALLET'S Muſlapba.*

Not to th' enſanguin'd field of Death alone
Is Valour limited : She ſits ſerene
In the delib'rate council, ſagely ſcans
The ſource of Action ; weighs, prevents, provides,
And ſcorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone. *SMOLLETT'S Ragicida.*

V E N A L I T Y.

Can there be ſuch in that auguſt aſſembly ?
If ſuch there be, who to ſiniſter ends
To ſordid views now ſacrifice her fame.
The Roman genius ſhall, I truſt, hereafter
Find out the perſidy ; and with reproach
To future times, mark their diſtinguiſh'd names.
FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.

Could'ſt thou think
Timoleon wou'd not ſtartle at corruption ?
The impious man, who ſells his country's freedom,
Makes all the guilt of Tyranny his own.
His are her ſlaughters, her oppreſſions his,
Juſt Heav'n ! reſerve your choiceſt plagues for him,
And blaſt the venal wretch, *MARTYN'S Timoleon.*

Each magiſtrate that ſhould adminiſter
Juſtice impartial, made by Mortimer,
Muſt ruin others to preſerve himſelf :
The clergy and the law are both his creatures :
Places of truſt and profit are all fold :

'Tis practis'd from the miter'd holy head,
 To the needy starving verger of the church :
 You cannot serve Heaven on cushions but you pay for't,
 Or blister your numb'd knees upon the marble :
 'Then from the scarlet and the purple gown,
 Down to the very cryer of the court.

RANDOLPH'S Fall of Mortimer.

V E N G E A N C E.

And, if I stir not Vengeance up ;—may Heaven
 Deny me mercy, when I need it most !

PHILIPS'S Humphry Duke of Gloucester.

'Tis done—again new transports fire my brain ;
 I had forgot it ; 'tis my bridal night :
 Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together :
 See that the festival be duly honour'd.
 And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
 And Music gives her elevating sound,
 When golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
 And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
 Thou Zanga, then my solemn friends invite
 From the dark realms of everlasting night :
 Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,
 And Death, our chief invited guest, be there ;
 He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread
 Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed.

YOUNG'S Revenge.

V I C E.

Through tatter'd cloaths great vices do appear,
 Robes and fur'd gowns hide all. Plate fins with gold,
 And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it,

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

For often vice provok'd to shame,
 Borrows the colour of a virtuous deed.

Thus

Thus libertines are chaste and misers good,
A coward valiant and a priest sincere.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

——— Evil on itself shall back recoil
And mix no more with Goodness; when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self fed, and self consum'd.

MILTON'S Comus.

No! these deluding words
Can charm no longer; their enchantment flies;
And in my breast the guilty passions jar
Unkind, unjoyous, unharmonious all.
Ah me! from real Happiness we stray,
By Vice bewilder'd; Vice, which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe.

THOMSON'S Agamemnon.

VICISSITUDES of Fortune. See GREATNESS.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Cæsar.

For what is it on earth,
Nay under Heav'n continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the eye of Heav'n
Dimm'd with o'er flying clouds? there's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin.

SHAKESPEARE'S Sir John Oldcastle.

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity;
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care.

Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
 Ev'n kings but play, and, when their part is done,
 Some other worle or better mount the throne.

DRYDEN'S Pal. and Arc.

What then remains, but, after past anboy,
 To take the good vicissitude of joy;
 To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
 Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live? *Ibid.*

I who some moments past would not have chang'd
 Condition with the blessed gods themselves;
 Now in all probability am lost,
 And stand upon the very brink of ruin.
 Not half an hour ago, methought secure
 I hugg'd myself, and almost could have wept
 In mere compassion to th' hard fated world,
 Thinking how much my state was happier.

LEE'S Mithridates.

What tho' our glory be a while obscur'd,
 The clearest day is not without some cloud;
 Our next attempt will give what this has lost,
 And while th' heroic Pyrrhus shines in arms,
 Our wide dominions shall the world o'er-run,
 And my pale crescent brighten to a sun.

TRAP'S Abramule.

Capricious Chance!
 How swift a turn was this—Just as my hopes
 Were elevated to the highest pitch,
 And bore me to the clouds, they strait retreated,
 And left me to despair.
 So have I heard with equal suddenness,
 Ebbing prodigiously the sea withdrew,
 And quite defenceless left the sealy race;
 The dolphins which e'er while with wanton pride,
 Spread their broad fins and lash'd the foaming tide;
 Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless flood,
 With heaving gills, and tumbled in the mud.

And

And whales which with their trunks the stars could reach,

Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy beach ;
 So have my hopes, whose waves e'er while ran o'er,
 And to the skies my tow'ring wishes bore,
 Retir'd and left me gasping on the shore. }

Ibid.

How sudden are the blows of Fate ! what change
 What revolution, in the state of glory !

CIBBER'S Caesar in Egypt.

I've try'd this world in all its changes,
 States, and conditions ; have been great, and happy,
 Wretched, and low, and past thro' all its stages.
 And oh, believe me, who have known it best,
 It is not worth the bustle that it costs ;
 'Tis but a medley, all of idle hopes,
 And abject childish fears. *MADDEN'S Themistocles.*

— This rising day
 Saw Sophonisba, from the height of life,
 Thrown to the very brink of slavery ;
 State, honours, armies vanish'd, nothing left
 But her own great unconquerable mind.
 And yet, ere evening comes, to larger power
 Restor'd I see my royal friend, and kneel
 In grateful homage to the gods, and her.
 Ye powers, what awful changes often mark
 The fortunes of the great. *THOMSON'S Sophonisba.*

Thus human joys are leaven'd with misfortunes,
 The storm succeeds the sun-shine.
 Now soft Etesian gales and smiling rays
 Flatter our wanton hopes with happy days ;
 While yet we hope, the shepherd views afar
 Black gathering waters load the bending air ;
 The dreadful column burst, breaks o'er the plain,
 Lays waste the land, and swells the foamy main.

C. JOHNSON'S Medea.

Alas ! how fickle is all human grandeur,
 How strange how sudden are the turns of fortune !
 Cou'd I imagine such a storm at hand,
 When every thing around me seem'd so calm ?
 Thus the great ocean wears a pleasing face,
 Smooth as a glass, and still as standing lakes !
 Too soon th' unwary seaman is betray'd,
 His golden hopes of happiness are vain,
 The dreadful tempest high as mountains rise,
 Waves beat on waves, billows on billows roll,
 And all their fury on the vessel falls.

TRACY'S Periander.

How sudden do our prospects vary here !
 And how uncertain ev'ry good we boast !
 Hope oft deceives us ; and our very joys
 Shrink with fruition ;—pall, and rust away.
 How wise are we in thought !—How weak in practice !
 Our very virtue, like our will is—nothing.
 Frail Nature, take thy course ! 'tis almost vain
 To struggle and oppose thee :—What is life ?
 What all its comforts, but delusive dreams,
 That play on fancy with a meteor flame
 Of empty, airy good.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

Last night how sad, how hopeless was my state !
 I saw my country on the brink of fate,
 Saw every treasure of the brave and free,
 Their loss all threaten'd in the loss of thee ;
 But now the fair event evinces this,
 Who saves the public, saves his private bliss.

PATERSON'S Arminius.

As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
 Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
 I stand confounded at the unlook'd for change,
 And scarcely feel this thunder-bolt of Fate.
 The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
 Alas, are vanish'd now to yielding air,
 And I am fallen indeed !—

How

How weak is Reason, when Affection pleads !
 How hard to turn the fond deluded heart
 From flatt'ring toys, which sooth'd its vanity !
 The laurel'd trophy and the loud applause,
 The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze,
 The high hung banner, and recording gold,
 Subdue me still, still cling around my heart,
 And pull my reason down. *JONES's Earl of Essex.*

VICISSITUDE. See OPPORTUNITY.

Things at the worst, will cease, or else climb upward;
 To what they were before.

SHAKESPEARE's Macbeth.

The lowest and most abject thing in fortune,
 Stands still in hopes, lives not in fear:
 The lamentable change is from the best,
 The worst returns to better.

SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.

For over all men hangs a double fate :
 One gains by what another is bereft :
 The frugal Destinies have only left
 A common bank of happiness below,
 Maintain'd like Nature, by an ebb and flow.

HOWARD's Indian Emperor.

To-day a conqueror, and to-night a slave !
 How short the space, betwixt these vast extremes !

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

Think on the slippery state of human things,
 The strange vicissitudes, and sudden turns
 Of War, and Fate reviling on the proud,
 To crush a merciless and cruel victor :
 Think there are bounds of Fortune, set above
 Periods of Time, and progress of Success,
 Which none can stop, before the appointed limits,
 And none can push beyond.

DRYDEN's Love Triumphant.

V I C T O R Y.

——— But victory not always is intail'd ;
 The wise their conduct lose ; the strong their force ;
 'Tis Heaven alone the fate of empire weighs ;
 Whose power resistless by all human force,
 Derides our prudence, and our shallow foresight,
 By interposing the minutest accidents,
 Unthought of, unforeseen by man's dim eyes ;
 Tears from the victor what he thought secure,
 And turns the fate of battle !

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

——— This happy day,
 Such fortune waits on our triumphant arms,
 The ruling gods in justice to our cause,
 Have crown'd our toils with so complete a victory,
 Glorious and great, e'en to amazement great !
 That Rome no more with anguish shall reflect
 On past misfortunes, and successful battles,
 But think them doubly recompens'd in this

BECKIGNHAM'S Scipio.

V I L L A G E R.

Th' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
 His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
 With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd Heavens,
 And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him ;
 Enjoys a sweeter shade, than that of canopies,
 Hemm'd in by Cares, and shook by storms of Treason.

HILL'S Henry V.

The homely villager, the drudge of life,
 Who eats but as he toils, is happier far :
 No self-division, bosom-anarchy,
 Disturbs his hours ; thoughtless he labours on,
 Nor is at leisure to be wretched.

HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.

Oh

Oh! that some villager, whose early toil
Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,
Had claim'd my birth! ambition had not then
Thus step'd 'twixt me and Heav'n.

BROOK'S Gustavus Vasa.

V I L L A I N.

Sure there never was any great thing yet
Aspired to, but by violence and fraud:
And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it, is a good religious fool.
A superstitious slave, and sure to die a beast.

JOHNSON'S Cataline.

The original villain, sure no god created!
He was a bastard of the Sun, by Nile;
Ap'd into man, with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected.

LANDOWN'S Jew of Venice.

O damnation!

Still will she strike on that ungrateful string,
And make me by severe reflection see
A figure I abhor, myself a villain.

BECKINGHAM'S Henry IV. of France.

Thou temperate villain, in unforgiveness cool,
Who putt'st a gloss of sanctity on Malice,
And seem'st to weep, and seem'st to pray for those
Thou would'st destroy?

PHILIPS'S Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

A half-strain'd villain is a coward too.

JEFFREY'S Edwin.

Curse on the villain! O deceitful wretch!
Couldst thou consent to wrong such innocence?
One whose angelic form, and voice divine,

Could

Could charm a tyger to forget his prey.
 Couldst thou see Leiza kneel, and not relent?
 Inhuman villain! *Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

True downright villains, (those the world call so)
 Always succeed—They hate that gull of fools,
 That bane of common happiness, Sincerity;
 And therefore speed. Fortune I adore!
 If she befriend me, and make Leiza mine,
 By craft or force (for either way will do)
 I promise faithful Villainy henceforward,
 To lie, to fawn, dissemble, and betray, *Ibid.*

What tho' I am a villain, who so bold,
 To tell me so? Let your poor petty traitors
 Feel the vindictive lash; and scourge for wrong;
 But who shall tax successful villainy,
 Or call the rising traitor to account?
 Sublimely seated in the pomp of state,
 Greatly beyond the malice of his fate;
 He laughs at each cabal and idle jar,
 The rage of factions, and their party-war;
 By friends surrounded, happy and unseen,
 Safely he rides, and drives the great machine.

HAYARD's Scanderbeg.

Do but observe the face of Villany,
 How different from the brow of Innocence!
 See what a settled gloom obscures his visage,
 Sure emblem of the horror of his breast,
 Where his false heart enthron'd in native darkness
 (Unconscious and unwishing for the light)
 Broods o'er new treasons, and enjoys the mischief.

HAYARD's Regulus.

It is the master-piece of villainy
 To smooth the brow, and to outface suspicion. *Ibid.*

V I N E.

Once like a vine I flourish'd, and was young,
 Rich in my ripening hopes, that spoke me strong;
 But

But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown,
And all my clusters, and my branches gone.

OTWAY's Don Carlos.

The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands :
But that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

VIRGIN.

What an honest work it would be, when we find
A virgin in her poverty and youth,
Inclining to be tempted, to employ
As much persuasion, and as much expence
To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her falling.

BEAUMONT's Honest Man's Fortune.

VIRGINITY.

Virginity ! 'Tis not politic in the commonwealth
of Nature, to preserve Virginity. Loss of Virginity
is rational increase, and there was never virgin got,
till Virginity was first lost. That you are made of, is
metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once
lost, may be ten times found : By being ever kept, it
is ever lost : 'Tis too cold a companion, away with
it ! To speak on the part of Virginity, is to accuse
your mother ; which is most infallible disobedience.
He that hangs himself is a virgin, Virginity murders
itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all
sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against Na-
ture. Virginity breeds mites, much like rotten cheese ;
consumes itself, in the very parings, and so dies with
feeding its own stomach. Besides, Virginity is pec-
vish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the
most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you
cannot choose but lose by it. Within ten years it will
make itself two, which is a good increase, and the
principal

principal itself not much the worse. It is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: Off with't, while 'tis vendible, answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable: Your date is better in the pye, and your porridge, than your cheek; and your old Virginity is like one of our French wither'd pears, it looks ill, and eats dryly: Marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: It was formerly better: Marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear!

SHAKESPEARE'S All's well that Ends well.

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lump of Eternity: 'Tis a treasure
Too precious for Death's moment to partake,
This twinkling of short life: Disdain as much,
To let Mortality know ye, as stars to kiss the pavement:

Ye have a substance
As excellent as theirs, holding your pureness;
They look upon corruption as you do,
But are stars: Still be you a virgin too.

MIDDLETON'S Mayor of Quenborough.

VIR TUE.

Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves: For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature ever sends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

SHAKESPEARE'S Measure for Measure.

Our life is short; but to extend that span
To vast Eternity, is Virtue's work.

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

He

He lives in Fame, that dies in Virtue's cause.

SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough :

If she unveil her beauty to the moon,

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd,

The keenest darts of Envy, yet unhurt

Her marble hero stands, built of such basis,

While they recoil, and wound the shooter's face.

BEAUMONT's Queen of Corinth.

How strange a riddle Virtue is !

They never miss it, who possess it not ;

And they who have it, ever find a want !

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

The Heav'ns have clouds, and spots are in the moon,

But faultless Virtue shines in her alone !

HOWARD's Indian Queen.

Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,

Their own glory are, and recompence.

OTWAY's Alcibiades.

How vain is Virtue, which directs our ways,

Thro' certain dangers, to uncertain praise.

Barren and airy name ! Thee Fortune flies,

With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.

Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard,

And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.

The world is made for the bold impious man,

Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.

Justice to Merit does weak aid afford,

She trusts her balance, and neglects her sword ;

Virtue is nice, to take what's not her own,

And while she long consults, the prize is gone.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still,

Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill.

Ibid.

O Aurengzebe ! thy Virtues shine too bright !
 They flash too fierce ! I, like the bird of night,
 Shut my dull eyes, and sicken at the sight.

Ibid.

Then why should Virtue fear,
 When with their murdering shafts, the gods appear ?
 Guilt tremble thou, when Heaven's wing'd Vengeance
 flies,
 Thro' frighted cities, and when storms arise !

C. DAVENANT'S Circe.

If when a crown, and mistress are in place,
 Virtue intrudes with her lean holy face ;
 Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's foe !
 Why does she come where she has nought to do ?
 Let her with anchorets, not with lovers lye ;
 Statesmen and they keep better company.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

My Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a name,
 Since it betrays me to this public shame.
 Virtue's no god, nor has she power divine ;
 But he protects it, who did first enjoin.

Ibid.

1. On women's virtue, who too much rely,
 To boundless will, give boundless liberty.
 Restraint you will not brook, but think it hard
 Your Prudence is not trusted as your guard.
 And to yourselves so left, if ill ensues,
 You first our weak indulgence will accuse.
 Curst be that hour

When, sated with my single happiness,
 I chose a partner to controul my bliss,
 Who wants that reason which her will should sway,
 And knows but just enough to disobey.

2. Better with brutes my humble lot had gone,
 Of reason void, accountable to none,
 Th' unhappiness of creation is a wife,
 Made lowest in the highest rank of life :

Her

Her fellow's slave, to know and not to choose:
Curst with that reason she must never use.

1. Add, she's proud, fantastic, apt to change;
Restless at home, and ever prone to range:
With shows delighted, and so vain is she,
She'll meet the devil, rather than not see.
Our wise Creator for his choirs divine,
Peopled his Heaven with souls all masculine;
Ah! why must man from woman take his birth?
Why was this sin of Nature made on earth?
This fair defect, this helpless aid call'd wife;
The bending crutch of a decrepit life.
Posterity no pairs from you shall find,
But such as by mistake of Love are join'd:
The worthiest men their wishes ne'er shall gain;
But see the slaves they scorn, their loves obtain.
Blind Appetite shall your wild fancies rule;
False to desert, and faithful to a fool.

DRYDEN'S Fall of Man.

Torment of mind! O feeble Virtue hence!
I blow thee from the palace to the cottage,
To build in hearts of hinds: bless their rude hands,
With thy lean recompence of endless labour!
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful chain,
That held me to thee, like a shackled slave:
I will enjoy whate'er the gods have given,
And surfeit on the beauties of Semandra!

LEE'S Mithridates.

~~1. Add, she's proud, fantastic, apt to change;~~
~~Restless at home, and ever prone to range;~~
~~With shows delighted, and so vain is she,~~
~~She'll meet the devil, rather than not see.~~
A settled Virtue
Makes itself a judge; and satisfied within,
Smiles at that common enemy, the world.
I am no more afraid of flying censures,
Than Heav'n of being fired with mounting sparkles.

DRYDEN'S Royal Ladies.

How few could follow those strict rules they gave,
For human life will human frailties have!
And love of Virtue is but barren praise,

Airy

Airy as Fame, not strong enough to raise
The actions of the soul above the sense;
Virtue grows cold without a recompence.

DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Lover.

To what a height of arrogance she swells!
Pride or ill-nature still with Virtue dwells! *Ibid.*

Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a cheat;
And they who taught it first were hypocrites.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

O Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That man should leave thee for a toy, a woman,
Made from the dross and refuse of a man?

DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.

What shall I say, to speak thy wond'rous Virtue!
My tongue forsakes me, when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazzling thoughts;
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee!

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

Virtue, the more it is exposed,
Like purest linen laid in open air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the view.

DRYDEN'S Amphitryon.

A noble temper shines even thro' his faults,
And gilds them into Virtue!

DRYDEN'S Love-Triumphant.

— Is Virtue then
Given to make us wretched! Ah! sad portion!
Fatal to all that have thee! Shunn'd on earth,
Depress'd and shewn but in severest trials:
Condemn'd to solitude: Then shining most,
When black Obscurity surrounds! Poor, poor!
But ever beautiful!

LANDDOWN'S Heroic Lover.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Great

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
 Tho' th' ungrateful subjects of their favours
 Are barren in return. Virtue does still
 With Scorn the mercenary world regard,
 Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
 Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
 She seeks not Honour, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Let mortals learn,
 When in obedience to the gods they tread
 The doubtful paths of Destiny, to affront
 The dreadfulst dangers with undaunted spirit;
 Let them not even in the worst extremes despair;
 For while they keep to Virtue's narrow paths,
 With guards invincible they march surrounded:
 The gods who surely guide them on the way,
 From them no more than from themselves can stray,
 For Virtue's of Divinity a ray.

Dennis's Iphigenia.

O pursue,
 Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
 Which urge you on to Virtue! Let not danger,
 Nor the incumb'ring world, make faint your purpose:
 Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
 Bring you to bliss, and crown your end with peace!

Rowe's Jane Shore.

To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
 And lay it under the restraint of laws:
 To make man mild, and sociable to man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage,
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and Lib'ral Arts;
 Th' embellishments of life! Virtues, like these,
 Make Human Nature shine; reform the soul,
 And break the fierce barbarians into men!

Addison's Cato.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would

By

By her own radiant light, tho' sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

Milton's Comus.

Against the threats
Of Malice, or of Sorcery, or that pow'r
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that, which Mischief means most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory. *Ibid.*

Virtue, like gold, will take the stamp from power.
Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.

Virtue never is defac'd! unchang'd
By strokes of Fate, she triumphs o'er Distress,
And ev'ry bleeding wound adorns her beauty. *Ibid.*

Well to succeed, my friend, the point will prove,
Nor whether you obtain, but how you move.
Be always honest, and you cannot stray,
'Tis Virtue leads the sure unerring way;
The sacred guide have ever in your eye,
And then, or rise, or fall, or live, or die,
'Tis right; the gods alone know how to bless,
Whate'er the good man meets with is success.

Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

Who in the paths of Virtue perseveres
Has nought to apprehend from impious men.

*E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-
Lunenburgh.*

Virtue, when distress'd, can smile at death,
And, as a friend, embrace it. * * *
* * * * * Yes thou shalt find
Women, when arm'd with Virtue, know no fear
But Guilt or Shame—Dangers and Death they meet
With minds more firm than impious men like thee.

MARTYN's Timoleon.

How oft that Virtue, which some women boast,

And

O Vir
So are
Knows
VOL

And pride themselves in, but an empty name,
 No real good ; in thought alone possess'd,
 Safe in the want of charms, the homely dame,
 Secure from the seducing arts of man,
 Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste ;
 Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
 She talks most loud about the noisy nothing,
 Look on her face, and there you read her Virtue.

Frowde's Philotas

What is this Virtue ? What this foolish pride
 Of doing well, that the fond Christian dotes on ?
 Is it a revelation but to them,
 A beam directed only to their sect ?
 Or but the vain enthusiastic talk
 Of selfish teachers ? Is it more than name ?
 Is it the prejudice of prepossession,
 That actuates our minds to think that true,
 Which has but the authority of Time,
 Imbib'd in infancy, and grown with years.

HAVARD's Scanderbeg.

There breathes a felt divinity in Virtue,
 In candid unassuming generous Virtue,
 Whose very silence speaks ; and which inspires,
 Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
 Of mean injurious Vice.

THOMSON's Agamemnon

Tho' you have trampil'd on my haughty Virtue,
 That noble pride of soul which knows no fear,
 And bears no insult ; yet to you, at least,
 To you of all mankind, I will be bold,
 As I had never err'd.

Ibid.

What is the loss of life to loss of Virtue !
 And yet how can this heavenly spark be lost ?
 No ! Virtue burns with an immortal flame.

THOMSON's Edward and Eleonora.

O Virtue ! Virtue ! as thy joys excel,
 So are thy woes transcendent, the gross world
 Knows not the bliss or misery of either—

Ibid.

O all ye pitying powers that rule mankind!
 Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
 With this fair-weather virtue, that exults
 Glad, e'er the summer main? The tempest comes,
 The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm
 This Virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
 Lamenting.—Heavens! if privileg'd from trial,
 How cheap a thing were virtue. *Ibid.*

Bright Virtue, welcome! Vigour of the mind!
 The flame from Heaven that lights up higher being,
 Thrice welcome! *Ibid.*

Virtue, at midnight, walks, as safe, within,
 As in the conscious glare of flaming day.
 She who in forms finds Virtue, has no virtue.
 All the shame lies, in hiding honest love.

* * * * *

* * * * * I was taught, in a sincerer clime,
 That Virtue, tho' it shines not, still is Virtue:
 And inbred Honour grows not, but at home.

Hill's Alzira.

Go, study Virtue; rugged, ancient worth!
 Rouse up that flame our great forefathers felt,
 Who won those honours you unworthy heir:
 Nor trust such soft refinements of the schools,
 As strip our noblest passions of their force,
 The lust of Greatness and the love of Fame!

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

Thou know'st but little, Zaphna,
 If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd
 To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
 Like life's warm stream throughout the whole creation
 And beats the pulse of ev'ry healthful heart.

MILLER'S Mahomet.

—The generous pride of Virtue
 Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
 Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,

From

From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward. *THOMSON'S Coriolanus*

————— There is but one ;
Not hard to find ; th' unerring path of Virtue.
Virtue, that in itself commands its happiness,
Of every outward object independent. *FRANCIS'S Eugenia.*

How distant Virtue dwells from mortal man !
Was't not that each man calls for other's Virtue,
Her very name on earth would be forgot,
And leave the tongue, as it has left the heart. *YOUNG'S Brothers.*

————— One comfort never can forsake us,
The mind to Virtue train'd, in ev'ry state
Rejoicing, grieving, dying, must possess
Th' exalted pleasure to exert that Virtue. *GLOVER'S Boadicea.*

A gen'rous mind should never dare to quit
Virtue's firm hold ; that gone, that sacred anchor
Once parted from, there is no stop—down drives
The desp'rate bark before the foaming torrent,
Breaks on a rock, and sinks to rise no more !
CRISP'S Virginia.

U N C E R T A I N T Y.

But be not long, for in the tedious minutes,
Exquisite interval, I'm on the rack ;
For sure the greatest evil man can know,
Bears no proportion to the dread suspense. *FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.*

How wav'ring is the mind with fears oppress'd,
Dissatisfy'd and restless in its choice !
The present pleases and delights awhile,
But then the future cancels that content. *WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.]*

————— Uncertainty !
 Fell dæmon of our fears ! The human soul,
 That can support Despair, supports not thee.

Mallet's Mustapha.

You see me tossing on a sea of passions,
 An ebb and flow of contrarieties,
 Which now seem kindly wafting me to shore,
 And the next moment plunge me back again
 Into the bosom of th' outrageous deep.

Miller's Mahomet.

These sharp vicissitudes of hopes and fears,
 Tear me with torture insupportable !
 Conquest suspended is captivity :
 O dreadful agonizing interval !

Cibber's King John.

————— He that once
 Falls, in his own opinion, falls indeed !
 But he, that's conscious of his voice, stands
 Unmov'd, the pressure of an adverse world.

Dowe's Setbona.

V O I C E

I hear a tongue shriller than all the music,
 Cry Cæsar.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

There's wond'rous music in thy voice ! The story
 Of Orpheus, which appears so bold a fiction,
 Was prophesy'd of thee ! Thy voice has tam'd
 The tygers and the lions of my soul !

Denham's Sophy.

Thy voice, like sad, but pleasing music, flew !
 Like dying swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too !

Lee's Sophonisba.

Methinks your voice is faint
 As distant echoes——

Lee's Mithridates.

Methought

Methought I heard a voice, and yet I doubted,
 Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
 Fight with the waves, now in a still small tone,
 Your dying accents fell as wrecking ships,
 After the dreadful sink, murm'ring down
 And bubble up a noise.

LEE's Oedipus.

His voice is soft as is the upper air,
 Or dying lovers words.

DRYDEN's Rival Ladies.

——Methought I heard a voice,
 Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
 When all his little flock's at feed before him.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Who talks of dying in a voice so sweet,
 That Life's in love with it?

Ibidi.

There's Heav'n still in thy voice, but that's a sign
 Virtue's departing; for thy better angel
 Still makes the woman's tongue his rising ground,
 Wags there a-while, and takes his flight for ever.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.

That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
 And fill my ears with the soft breath of Love.

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

His voice, attention still as midnight, draws;
 His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
 That mildly whispers thro' the waving trees;
 Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
 Or murmuring currents as they roll along.
 Oh! were my voice a trumpet loud as Fame,
 To reach the round of Heav'n, and earth, and sea,
 All nations should be summon'd to this place!

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

U P B R A I D I N G.

O emperor! thou picture of a glory!
 Thou mangled figure of a ruin'd greatness!

O thou royal villainy !
 In purple dipp'd to give a gloss to mischief !
 Yet e'er thy death enriches my revenge,
 And swells the book of fate, thou statelier madman,
 Plac'd by the gods upon a precipice,
 To make thy fall more dreadful !
 By all th'immortal gods, I will awake thee !
 I'll rouse thee, Cæsar, if strong Reason can !
 If thou had'st ever sense of Roman honour,
 Or the imperial genius ever warm'd thee !
 Why hast thou used me thus for all my service,
 My toils, my fights, my wounds in horrid war ?
 Why didst thou tear the only garland from me,
 That could make proud my conquests ?

ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

I take the gods to witness with more sorrow,
 And more vexation hear I these reproaches,
 Than were my life dropp'd from me thro' an hour
 glass. *Ibid.*

———Fly, begone !

And hide thee where bright Virtue never shon'd !
 The day will shun thee, nay, the stars that view
 Mischiefs and murders, deeds to thee not new,
 Will start at this !

LEE'S Alexander.

You have yourself your kindness over-paid :
 He ceases to oblige who can upbraid.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

Could I believe thee, could I think thee true :
 But, Oh ! thou Syren ! I will stop my ears
 To thy enchanting notes ! The winds shall bear
 Upon their wings thy words, more light than they.

DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.

———What's life without your honour ?

Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
 Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
 I would be heard in spite of all your thunders !

O pow'r

O pow'r of guilt? You fear to stand the test
Which Virtue brings! Like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer: But if you be not
Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady;
I'll let the venom fly before your eyes,
And lash you with keen words from lazy Love.

LEA's Theodosius.

—— I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of Honour, *Ibid.*

Thou hast lost thy honour! Oh! had'st thou dy'd
Ten thousand deaths, e'er blasted Grillon's glory!
Grillon! who sav'd thee from a barb'rous world,
Where thou had'st starv'd, or sold thyself for bread,
Took thee into his bosom, foster'd thee
As his own soul, and laid thee in his heart-strings!
And now for all my cares to serve me thus
It wrings the iron tears from Grillon's heart,
And melts me to a babe! *DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.*

A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Thy tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Tyrant! it irks me so to call my prince,
But just resentment, and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word, and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due *Ibid.*

If I'm traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of Heav'n to Hell!
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the skies,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure. *Ibid.*

—— I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
I 4 And

And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields;
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude out-grew them both. *Mid.*

—Insulting tyrant,
Cool, frosty-hearted monster!—wish thee dead!
Why, 'tis the only glorious hope I live for!
Think on the miseries thou hast wrung my soul with!
The biting shame, the never dying anguish!
Think on the arts, the oaths, the subtleties;
The endless, inexpressible deceits!
The wiles, and perjuries, which have undone me!
Think on the feign'd endearments; studied graces!
False smiles; enticing raptures! labour'd flatteries!
And all that nameless train of silent treacheries,
Which help'd thy tempting tongue to make me wretched!
Look back on all this dreadful pile of baseness,
And then—Oh! Heaven!—if then, thou dar'st look
farther!

If, frightened Memory does not fly thy soul;
Think, in the bitter agonies of Conscience,
What follow'd all this train of preparation!
See me abandon'd to the lash of Shame;
Turn'd out an object for sharp-ey'd Derision,
By friends forsaken, and disown'd by kindred:
Wild, and distracted, with unconquer'd sorrow!
Expos'd, to be the mirth of wiser hypocrites,
And stand the scorn-mark of the hooting world:
Death!—Thou destroyer! think of this! and then,
In the cool insolence of pride, and majesty,
Ask me again—if I can wish thee dead?

Hill's Henry V.

Ye noisy! turbulent! vain-glorious rout!
Are you the arbiters of Cæsar's cause,
Like fate, to limit, or with-hold his conquests?
Cou'd you presume, that your poor aid withdrawn,
Would leave his standards naked in the field?
If Pompey's routed cause, o'er burning sands,
Can draw such numbers to resume the war,

Mid.

Can

Can Cæsar's eagles droop in full success?
 Can the victorious fail of worthier hands,
 To bear our trophies, and divided spoil,
 To Rome? While you, inglorious in repose,
 Are deafen'd with the clangors of our triumphs?
 Hence, from my sight ye murmuring heartless herd!
 Ye undeservers of Pharisaian honour!
 Such dastard spirits are unfit to follow,
 Where Cæsar, and his fortune, leads the brave.
 Hence, to your abject homes! there pine in corners!
 There waste your winking lamps of life away,
 And leave your general to be singly glorious?

CLIBBER'S Cæsar in Egypt.

T'insult thy noble Nature were a crime
 My soul disdains, and far beneath a man;
 Reproach and obloquy are female vengeance.

FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.

This prince, for virtue so rever'd and fam'd,
 Thinks perjury and ingratitude no crimes!
 Seems to forget he ever lov'd, then left
 A helpless maid to mourn her easy faith,
 And curse, in bitterness of heart, the time,
 When first she list'ned to his betraying vows.

E. HAYWOOD'S Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.

You all are bigots, robbers, ruffians all!
 It is the very genius of your nation.
 Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood, consumes you.
 You live by rapine, thence your empire rose;
 And your religion is a meer pretence
 To rob and murder in the name of Heaven.

THOMSON'S Edward and Ellonora.

Tho' as a miser eyes his plunder'd hoard,
 From my enjoyment I had seen thee borne
 The guiltless victim of an early grave:
 There to be lost with yet-remember'd chiefs,
 With maids and matrons, long the themes of praise!

Illustrious names ! whose virtue you've betray'd,
 Whose glory sully'd and whose fame defil'd :—
 Oh had my aged eyes beheld thee dead :
 The tender tears which down my cheeks had roll'd,
 Would have been balm to pangs I now endure !
 The satisfaction then, at least I'd prove,
 To see thee sink in honourable dust,
 And end, with dignity, a noble line
 That had, for ages, flourish'd with renown.
 The last strong buttress yielding ; so, the pile,
 The venerable pile o'erspreads the earth,
 Magnificent in ruins ! Grateful, then,
 Our noblest matrons would have deck'd thy grave !
 Our noblest virgins chaunted hymns of praise !—
 I had but liv'd to pay a parent's debt
 Of decent grief, and sunk myself to rest,
 To everlasting, honourable rest.
 But what is now my hard, my dreadful doom !
 Thy guilt deals all these agonizing throes !
 And, torn with torment, hurls me down to Death.
 And there, if memory of past wrongs subsists,
 'Twill ev'n imbitter all the joys of Heav'n !
 Oh, fatal fall from innocence and duty :
 Oh, fiend ! but born to damn a father's peace.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

Why didst thou leave the fair Italian fields,
 Thou filken slave of Venus ? What could move
 Thee to explore these boist'rous northern climes ;
 And change yon radiant sky for Britain's clouds ?
 What dost thou here effeminate ? By Heav'n
 Thou should'st have loiter'd in Campania's villas,
 And in thy garden nurs'd with careful hands
 The gaudy-vested progeny of Flora ;
 Or indolently pac'd the pebbled shore,
 And ey'd the beating of the Tuscan wave
 To waste thy irksome leisure. Wilt thou tell me,
 What thou dost here in Britain ? Dost thou come,
 To sigh and pine ? Could Italy afford
 No food for these weak passions ? Must thou traverse
 Such

Such tracts of land, and visit this cold region
To love and languish? Answer me, what motive
First brought thee hither? But forbear to urge
It was in quest of Honour; for the god
Of war disclaims thee.

GLOVER'S Boadicea.

U S U R P E R.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

SHAKESPEARE'S King John.

Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends; and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

He who by force a sceptre does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain:
Right comes of course, whate'er he was before,
Murder and Usurpation are no more.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

Dare to be great without a guilty crown!
View it, and lay the bright temptation down!
'Tis base to seize on all because you may;
That's empire, that which I can give away.
There's joy when to wild Will you laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her bribe,
A joy which none but greatest minds can taste,
A fame which will to endless ages last!

Ibid.

Kings who did crowns unjustly get
 In Hell on burning thrones are set:
 And, oh! uneasily their crowns they wear,
 And their own guilt, amidst the guards they fear;
 Cares, when they wake, their minds unquiet keep,
 And ghosts, in visions, lord it o'er their sleep.

DRYDEN's Tempest.

O Alphonso!
 I fear they come too late! Her father's crimes
 Hang heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers:
 A crown usurp'd! A lawful king depos'd!
 In bondage held, debarr'd the common light!
 His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd!
 What can we less expect, than what we feel,
 And what we fear will follow?

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

—————Avert it, Heaven!
 Then Heav'n must not be Heaven: Judge the events,
 By what has pass'd. Th' usurper joy'd not long
 His ill-got pow'r! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
 Unriddle that ye Powers.

Ibid.

—————If I thought my soul of kin to thine,
 Soon would I rend my heart-strings,
 And tear out that alliance: But thou, viper,
 Hast cancell'd kindred, made a rent in Nature;
 And thro' her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way
 Thro' thy own blood to empire.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Let Usurpation, that eternal slave
 To Fear, the tyrant's greater tyrant, dye
 Her thirsty purple deep in native blood;
 The lawful prince, by daring to forgive,
 Asserts the great prerogative of Heaven,
 And proves his claim divine.

JEFFREY's Edwin.

—————Fierce in his course,
 The usurper, like a raging pestilence,

Breathes

Breathes out destruction, spreads confusion round,
As if commission'd to destroy mankind :
Like Death he ranges : Lust and Slaughter wait
His will, and Desolation follow him.

MARTYN's Timoleon.

Trust me, Timophanes, these frights, these terrors
Are all attendants on usurpers thrones.
The man who rises on his country's ruin,
Lives in a croud of foes, himself the chief :
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasures !
His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.
Wretched distracting state ! when ev'ry object
Strikes him with horror, ev'ry thought with fear.

Ibid.

—————Marriage mends my reign,
Her rightful title consecrates Ambition :
And Usurpation whitens into law. *HILL's Merope.*

—————What wrongs can justify
His usurpation.—Should the world permit
Private ambition thus to seize on crowns
Each daring villain that despises life
Would be the king or tyrant of mankind.
DOWE's Zingis.

W A N T.

FAMINE is in thy cheeks,
Need and Oppression staring in thy looks,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy back.
SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm ;

How

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your lopp'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these ; take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heav'ns more just.

SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.

Take this purse, thou whom Heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee happier : Heavens deal so still,
Let the superfluous and lust dieted man,
That slaves, your ordinance that will not see,
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So Distribution should undo Excess,
And each man have enough.

Ibid.

To men
Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome.

JOHNSON's Cataline.

Oh ! we must change the scene,
In which the past delights of love were tasted ;
The poor sleep little ; we must learn to watch
Our labours late and early e'ery morning,
Midst winter frost, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.
Want worldly Want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at our heels, and chases us in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting Poverty ?
When on a bed of straw we sink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus ?
Thus hush my cares, and shelter me with love ?

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

Oh ! we will bear our wayward fate together,
And ne'er know comfort more.

Ibid.

If

If all her former woes were not enough,
 Look on her now! Behold her where she wanders,
 Hunted to Death, distress'd on e'ery side,
 With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
 If ever misery were known like her's?
 And can she bear it, can that delicate frame
 Endure the beating of a storm so rude!
 Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd;
 To court her appetite, and crown her board;
 For whom the foreign vintages were press'd;
 For whom the merchant spread his silken stores;
 Can she entreat for bread, and want the needful rai-
 ment

To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?
 Now sad and shelterless perhaps she lies,
 Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
 Drops from some penthouse on her wretched head,
 Drenches her locks, and kill her with the cold;
 While her head rests on what cold stone she pleases.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood:
 Yet many things, impossible to thought
 Have been by need to full perfection brought.
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit and active diligence:
 Prudence at once and fortitude it gives:
 And if in patience taken, mends our lives;
 For even that indigence, which brings me low,
 Makes me myself, and him above to know.
 A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
 A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
 If we from wealth to poverty descend,
 Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Dryden's Wife of Bath.

W A R.

So shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
 Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils,
 To be commenc'd in strands a-far remote :
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
 No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces : Those oppos'd eyes,
 Which like the meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in beauteous well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way, like an ill-sheathed knife
 No more shall cut his master.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron war ;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
 Cry, courage ! to the field ! and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires ; of trenches, tents,
 Of pallisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight. *Ibid.*

— O War ! thou son of Hell !
 Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of Vengeance ! Let no soldiers fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to War
 Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of Valour. *SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.*

The

The fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work,
And the goar'd Battle bleeds at ev'ry vein.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

Oh ! Now for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ; farewell Content :
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big War
That makes Ambition Virtue : O farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the loud trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, and the shrill fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious War !
And, oh ! ye immortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell : Othello's occupation's gone.

SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.

Now glorious War, farewell :
Thou child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms ruins !
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers,
Thro' fires and famines, for one title from thee !
A long farewell I give thee ! Noble arms,
Ye ribs for mighty minds, ye iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust, and consuming Time must now dwell with you !
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to Con-
quest,
Upon whose fatal edge Death and Despair dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus foreshew'd'st Destruction,
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument !
Farewell, my eagle ! When thou flew'st, whole armies
Have stoop'd below thee ! At Passage I have seen thee
Ruffle the Tartars as they fled thy fury,
And bang them up together as a rassel
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons !
I yet remember when the Volga curl'd !
The aged Volga ! when he held his head up,
And rais'd his waters high to see the ruins,
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins !

Thes

Then flew this bird of Honour, bravely flew !
But this must be forgotten, quite forgotten !
And all that tends to arms, by me for ever.

BEAUMONT's Loyal Subject.

New storms of War like hail around us fall :
Fury that sat at home on massy shields,
Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the fields :
With all her hundred whips of wire she comes,
And drives despairing monarchs to their tombs.
War ! how it sounds ! Away, to arms ! to arms !
My soul to battle now all fiery turns ;
Swift as the gods, in haste outstrips the wind,
And leaves the courfers of the day behind !

LEE's Sophonisba.

The neighbouring plain with arms is cover'd o'er ;
The vale an iron harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung lances in a waving field ;
The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,
And ev'ry moment nearer shews the war.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war ;
The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.

LEE's Alexander.

Then planting at the wall a scaling ladder,
I mounted spite a show'r of cranes, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the walls to fly among my foes,
And like a baited lion, dy'd myself
All over with the blood of those dire hunters ;
Till spent with toil I battled on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd fury.

Ibid.

Oh ! spare the wounds our bleeding country fears,
The thousand ills that civil Discord brings !
Oh ! still the noise of War ; whose dread alarms

Frighten

Frighten Repose from country villages;
And stir rude Tumult up, and wild Distraction,
In all our peaceful cities!

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Yet, yet a little, and destructive Slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect!
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and Eternity! what change
Shall hasty Death make in that glitt'ring plain!
O thou fell monster, War! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation;
The boast and master-piece of the great maker!
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileg'd from thee!

Rowe's Jemtelane.

War is the province of ambitious men,
Who tear the miserable world for empire.

Ibid.

Enough of War the wounded Earth has known!
Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruin'd head to shew
Her cities humbled, and her countries spoil'd,
And to her mighty master sues for Peace.

Ibid.

The dreadful bus'ness of the War is o'er;
And Slaughter, that from yester morn till ev'n,
With giant steps pass'd striding o'er the field,
Besmear'd and horrid with the blood of nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,
And slumbers o'er her prey.

Ibid.

— All the dire calamities
Of raging War chain'd up in discipline,
Are now broke loose, trooping in horrid march
To fright the world:
Now Lust and Rapine both divide the spoil;
And giant Murder now bestrides our streets,
Stalking in state, and wading deep in blood.

SOUTHERN'S Fate of Capua.

Remember

Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
 In thy great day of veng'ance : Blast the traitor
 And his pernicious counsels ; who, for Wealth,
 For Pow'r, the pride of Greatness or Revenge,
 Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
 Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
 When like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
 And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
 Of horror, an affright to passers-by,
 Our groaning Country bled at ev'ry vein :
 When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
 When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
 When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away Distinction : Peasants trod
 Upon the necks of nobles : Low were laid
 The reverend crozier, and the holy mitre ;
 And Desolation cover'd all the land !
 Who can remember this, and not, like me,
 Here vow to sheathe a dagger in his heart,
 Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
 And set once more that scene of blood before us ?

Rowe's Jane Shore.

From hence let fierce contending nations know,
 What dire effects from civil discord flow.
 'Tis that that shakes our country with alarms,
 And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms ;
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife ;
 And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

Addison's Cato.

The shining images of War are fled,
 The fainting trumpets languish in my ear,
 The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
 Of burnish'd armour, like the setting sun,
 Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought ;
 No battle, siege, or storm, sustain my soul,
 In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast.

Young's Busiris.

I am near you in the day of danger,
In toilsome marches and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire.

Ibid.

——— War, my lord,
Is of eternal use to human kind ;
For ever and anon when you have pass'd
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is overstock'd with fools, and wants
A pestilence at least, if not a hero.

JEFFREY'S Edwin.

When Violence and Rapine sound to arms,
Bankrupts and prodigals are warm for War.

CIBBER'S Caesar in Egypt.

Rash fruitless War, from wanton Glory wag'd,
Is only splendid Murder.

THOMSON'S Edward and Elconora.

What woes attend on War ! when the dire god
Rides forth in red array ! around him Rage
Despair and Ruin ? at his iron wheels
Captivity is dragg'd ; and in his train
Come rav'ning Famine and devouring Plague !
Before him should luxuriant Nature pour
Her richest treasures, lo ! he comes, he treads,
And waste behind him lies the howling Desert.

PATERSON'S Arminius.

——— From yonder heath-crown'd hill,
The island's eastern point, where in one stream
The Thone and Parret roll their blending waves,
I look'd and saw the progress of the foe,
As of some tempest, some devouring fire,
That ruins without mercy where it spreads.
The riches of the year, the golden grain,
That liberal crown'd our plains, lies trampled wide
By hostile feet, or rooted up, and Waste deforms
The broad high-way : from space to space,

Far

Far as my straining eye could shoot its beam,
 Trees, cottages, and castles, smook to Heaven
 In one ascending cloud; but, oh! for pity,
 That way my lord, where yonder verdant height
 Declining slides into a fruitful vale,
 Unfightly now and bare, a few poor hinds,
 Grey-hair'd, and thinly clad, stood, and beheld
 The common ravage: Motionless and mute,
 With hands to Heaven uprais'd, they stood and wept.
 My tears attended theirs.

Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.

Check not that ardour which no foes can curb,
 And which in time may be your own:
 I know the hardships of a lengthen'd War;
 What treasures it must cost—what streams of blood,
 What vast expences—what unnumber'd toils,
 Equipping fleets, and mustering armies ask.

Havard's Regulus.

Unchain'd Bellona from her temple rushes,
 With all the crimes and vices in her train;
 Earth fades at her approach. To rural Peace,
 Fair Plenty, and the social joy of cities,
 Soon will succeed Rage, Rapine, Devastation,
 Each cruel horror sanctify'd by names.

O mortals! mortals! when will you, content
 With Nature's bounty, that in full flow,
 Still as your labours open more its sources,
 Abundant gushes o'er the happy world:
 When will you banish Violence and Outrage
 To dwell with beasts of prey in woods and desarts?

Thomson's Coriolanus.

Why should'st thou learn each chance of varying War,
 Which takes a thousand turns, and shifts the scene
 From bad to good, as Fortune smiles or frowns.

Whitehead's Roman Father.

Too long, my friend, has the wild waste of War,
 Rag'd o'er the earth: Oh! were the scepter'd warriors,
 Whole

Whose lust of empire sets the world in arms,
Were they to see the widow's keen affliction,
Or hear the mother's shrieks in her despair,
What could Ambition answer.

FRANCIS's Constantine.

War I detest : But War with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange;
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, and there an ideal line,
By Fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other, valiant both,
Both for their valour famous thro' the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And, if they must have War, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to the summer's sport :
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

HUME's Douglas.

W E A K N E S S.

— If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, patricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
All wickedness is weakness ; that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.

MILTON's Sampson Agonistes.

W E E P I N G.

Why holds thy eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river, peering o'er its bound.

SHAKESPEARE's King John.

Now

Now all my mother comes into my eyes,
And gives me up to tears.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry V.

— Look ! the good man weeps,
And strangles all his language in his tears.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry VIII.

He with his tears, augments the morning dew
And adds to clouds more clouds, with his deep sighs.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to Woe;
Which you, mistaken, offer up to Joy. *Ibid.*

Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

SHAKESPEARE's Timon of Athens.

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.

O I could weep my spirits from mine eyes. *Ibid.*

My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.

— His eyes,

Altho' unus'd unto the melting mood,
Drop tears more fast, than the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor.

B. JOHNSON's Volpone.

— Fall, fall, chrystal fountains !
And ever feed your streams, ye rising sorrows,
Till you have wept your mistress into marble !

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

Oh !

Oh! that my tears could make thy heart relent!
Then would I drain those crystal sluices dry;
Rivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant streams!

LEE's Nero.

Her wat'ry eyes assault my very soul;
They shake my best resolves!

LEE's Alexander.

————— Forbear these strict embraces!
Your tears, your hanging on my bosom thus,
Your sighs, reduce my age to sobbing childhood,
And make an infant of your poor old man!

LEE's Mitbridates.

————— You smother all
Your words with groans! Dry up this womanish grief.

Ibid.

By Heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks.

DRYDEN's All for Love.

————— Oh! break not yet my heart:
Tho' my eyes burst, no matter!

Ibid.

He making shew, as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd, and blotted out a falling tear.

Ibid.

————— So thro' a watry cloud,
The sun at once seems both to weep and shine.

DRYDEN's Secret Love.

Then setting free a sigh, from her fair eyes
She wip'd two pearls, the remnant of wild show'rs,
Which hung like drops, upon the bells of flow'rs.

Ibid.

————— Monimia weeping!
So morning dews, on new blown roses lodge,
By the sun's amorous heat to be exhal'd.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Why dost thou weep, and pour into my wounds
New oil, to make 'em blaze?

LEE'S Caesar Borgia.

I weep, 'tis true : But, Machiavel, I swear
They're tears of Vengeance ; drops of liquid fire !
So marble weeps, when flames surround the quarry,
And the pil'd oaks spout forth such scalding bubbles,
Before the general blaze. *Ibid.*

I could perceive with joy, a silent show'r
Run down his silver beard.

LEE'S Lucius Junius Brutus.

—————Behold a joy,
A wat'ry comfort rising in his eyes ? *Ibid.*

Oh ! why, Semanthe, why these falling tears ?
I swear, my love, not the last drops of life,
Just flowing from my heart, are dearer to me
Than those rich pearls that trickle from thy eyes ?
Give me thy griefs, pour all thy sorrows here,
Into my breast, and pant within my arms :
Tho' Fortune frown, and ev'ry thing conspire,
Yet we may love Semanthe !

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

—————Had you seen her dove-like sorrow,
When she begg'd for Rome ;
With eyes tear-charg'd, yet sparkling thro' the dew ;
Whilst charming Pity dimpled each soft cheek.

FATE'S Coriolanus.

Her soul in sadness, and her eyes in tears,
Sighing, she said, she fear'd her heart might break :
Then at my feet, in all the storm of grief,
Such floods of sorrow burst from her bright eyes,
I could not keep my manhood, but wept too !

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.

—————She came weeping forth,
Shining thro' tears, like April suns in show'rs,

Tha

That labour to o'ercome the cloud, that loads them !
 While two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her ;
 Even the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round,
 To see that sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
 Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity !

OWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

— Bear my weakness,
 If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
 I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom ? *Ibid.*

Thou know'st the gentle temper of my soul,
 Which the mistaken world good nature calls ;
 Tho' easy to be rais'd, more easy to be calm'd :
 Like to Heav'n's anger, my relenting Rage,
 Begins in tempests, and is laid in show'rs !
 Thy swelling drops burst thro' their lucid orbs,
 And chase each other down my flowing cheeks,
 Which blush with shame, at the old soldier's weakness.

HIGGON's Generous Conqueror.

Those moving tears will quite dissolve my frame :
 They melt that soul, which threats could never shake.
Ibid.

— These thanks I pay you :
 And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his tears
 Come harder than his blood !

— They plead too strongly
 To be withstood : My clouds are gathering too,
 In kindly mixture with his royal show'r.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

O, Sir ! what have you done ? You've burst the heart
 Of your old Gasper, with this flood of greatness !
 And see it gushes from my aged eyes !

LEE's Massacre of Paris.

Down her cheeks flow'd the round drops :
 And as we see the sun shine thro' a show'r,

So look'd her beauteous eyes,
Casting forth light and tears together!

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

But these are tears of joy! To see you thus, has fill'd
My eyes with more delight than they can hold!

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds, and beating rains,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast!

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Had her eyes been fed from that rich stream
Which warms her heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been much.

Ibid.

So silver Thetis, on the Phrygian shore,
Wept for her son, fore-knowing of his fate!
The sea nymphs sat around, and join'd their tears,
While from his lowest deep, old father Ocean,
Was heard to groan, in pity of their pain!

Rowe's Ulysses.

Why thou art wet with weeping, as the earth,
When vernal Jove descends in gentle show'rs,
To cause increase, and bless the infant year!
When every spiry grass, and painted flow'r,
Is hung with pearly drops of heav'nly rain.

Ibid.

Thou weep'st, O stop that shower of falling sorrows,
Which melts me to the softness of a woman,
And shakes my best resolves.

Trapp's Abraham.

The accents die upon her charming tongue,
And leave her lovely overflowing eyes,
To pour out the abundance of her soul!

DENNIS'S Liberty Asserted.

Look

Look how her mournful eyes move melting Pity!
In which the greatness of her mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty woe! *Ibid.*

————— Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love, and wherefore falls
That trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness?
Rowe's Jane Shore.

Oh! haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner!
Oh! I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breasts shall heave;
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt;
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat;
And all her sorrows shall be lost in Love!

SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.

I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart: My tears will flow!
ADDISON's Cato.

————— Friendship, my prince, can weep,
As well as Love—But while I weep thy fortune,
Let me not weep thy Virtue sunk beneath it.
THOMSON's Edward and Elonora.

The eye, that will not weep another's sorrow,
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,
That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.

MASON's Elfrida.

W E L C O M E.

A general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair Content and you: None here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: He would have all as merry,

As first good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. *SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VIII.*

Not wealth to misers, honour to the brave,
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave,
Could be more welcome.

SEDLEY'S Antony and Cleopatra.

Welcome as Mercy to a man condemn'd;
Welcome to me, as to a sinking mariner,
The lucky plank that bears him to the shore.

LEE'S Oedipus.

—————O happy Night! not to the weary
Pigrim half so welcome,
When after many a toilsome bleeding step,
With joyful looks he spies his long'd-for home,
Thus comes to the despairing wretch the glad
Reprieve! 'Tis mercy, mercy at the block!
Thus the toss'd seaman, after boist'rous storms,
Lands on his Country's breast, thus stands and gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy look;
Then shouts for joy, and makes
Th' echoing hill, and all the shores resound.

LEE'S Caesar Borgia.

Welcome as Life, as Victory and Fame,
As Hope to lovers, or the tortur'd wretch
Cessation of his pain.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

—————Welcome as light
To chearful birds, or to the lovers, night.

DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.

Welcome, as after darkness chearful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy Night.

LANSDOWN'S British Inhabitant.

Welcome as Night with sweet refreshing shade,
And balmy dews to the faint traveller,

Who

Who journies o'er a waste of burning sands,
With painful steps, and slow.

FANTON'S Mariamne.

W I D O W.

O, I could cut my face! what, for a widow!
Leave me, for Porcien! O thou dull, dull Guise!
Wilt thou sit down to the refuse of meals!
A widow! what, the monument of man!
The tomb, grave-vault, the very damp of Nature!
For this, I hate thee more than e'er I lov'd thee;
And from my presence banish thee for ever.

LEE'S Massacre of Paris.

W I F E.

—————Here I kneel;
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his Love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that my eyes, my ears, or any sense,
Delighted them, or any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, tho' he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly;
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And this Unkindness may defeat my life,
But cannot taint my Love. *SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

—————The best of women;
Of wives the perfectest! Let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues:
Chaster than chrystal on the Scythian cliffs;
The more the proud winds court, the more the purer;
Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice,
And in my mind a saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles; and women daily
With crooked and lame souls, creep to thy goodness;
Which having touch'd at, they become examples.

The fortitude of all their sex is fable,
 Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory
 And admiration in the age behind us,
 Out of their celebrated urns are started,
 To stake upon the greatness of thy spirit,
 Wond'ring what new martyr Heav'n has begot,
 To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories.

BEAUMONT's Double Marriage.

If any young fellow would but take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I would make the best wife in the world; but what a fool am I to talk thus!—Young men think of young women, now-a-days, as they do of their cloaths: It is genteel to have them, to be vain of 'em, to shew 'em to every body, and to change 'em often. When their novelty and fashion is over, they are turn'd out of doors to be purchas'd, and worn by the first buyer. A wife, indeed, is not so easily got rid of; it is a suit of mourning that lies neglected at the bottom of the chest, and only shews itself now and then upon melancholy occasions.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Chances.

A wife is man's best piece; who, till he marries,
 Wants making up: She is the shrine to which
 Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;
 She was a scion taken from that tree,
 Into which if she have no second grafting,
 The world can have no fruit; she is man's
 Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
 And multiply himself in his own children;
 She is the good man's Paradise, and the bad's
 First step to Heav'n; a treasure which who wants,
 Cannot be trusted to posterity,
 Nor pay his own debts; she's a golden sentence,
 Writ by our maker, which the angels may
 Discourse of, only men know how to use,
 And none but devils violate.

J. SHIRLEY's Love's Cruelty.
 To

To so perverse a sex all grace is vain ;
 It gives them courage to offend again :
 For which feign'd tears they penitence pretend,
 Again are pardoned, and again offend :
 Fathom our pity, when they seem to grieve,
 Only to try how far we can forgive ;
 Till launching out into a sea of strife,
 They scorn all pardon, and appear all wise.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

If I but hear wife nam'd, I'm sick that day ;
 The sound is mortal, and frights life away. *Ibid.*

Our wise creator, for his choirs divine,
 Peopled his Heav'n with souls all masculine :

Ah ! why must man from woman take his birth ?
 Why was this sin of Nature made on earth ?
 This fair defect, this helpless aid call'd wife,
 The bending crutch of a decrepit life ?

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

Better with brutes my humble lot had gone,
 Of reason void, accountable to none :
 Th' unhappiest of creation is a wife ;
 Made lowest in the highest rank of life :
 Her fellow's slave, to know, and not to choose,
 Curs'd with that reason she must never use. *Ibid.*

I look on wives, as on good dull companions
 For elder brothers to sleep out their time with :
 All we can hope for in the marriage bed,
 Is but to take our rest ; and what care I
 Who lays my pillow for me.

DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

Then art thou true ? Is such a thing in Nature,
 As a true wife ? No, Bellamira ! no !
 Thou would'st be monstrous then, e'en to derision :
 For the whole flock of common wives would hoot thee,
 And drive thee like a bird, without one feather
 Of thy own kind. *LEA'S Caesar Borgia.*

K 5

When

When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
 Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife!
 But a new married wife's a teeming mischief,
 Full of herself: Why, what a deal of horror
 Has that poor wretch to come, that married yesterday!

OTWAY's Orphan.

What! Hunt a wife
 On the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband,
 Of all hounds, is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
 Never be wean'd from caudles and confessions?
 What feminine tale hast thou been listening to,
 Of un-air'd shirts, catarrhs, and tooth-ach got
 By thin soal'd shoes.

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

Tender, and chaste, and fair! nay, she was once
 The boasted pride, and judgment of my choice:
 So she was thought, and so I valu'd her:
 But she's my wife—and nothing but a wife,
 With all her charms, could have been stale so soon.

SOUTHERN's Spartan Dame.

We hope to find
 That help which Nature meant in womankind,
 To man that supplemental self design'd;
 But proves a burning caustic when apply'd:
 And Adam sure could with more ease abide,
 The bone when broken, than when made a bride.

CONGREVE's Old Bachelor.

O wretched husband! While she hangs about thee,
 With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one!
 Even then her hot imagination wanders,
 Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of Love;
 And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a monster.

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

Let not his partial hate of her perplex you!
 A wife becomes the truest, tend'rest friend,
 The balm of comfort, and the source of joy!
 Thro' every various turn of life the same.

Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.

A

A wife ! a friend ! Oh ! they include all joys !
 And Love and Friendship are so near a kin
 They should like Poetry and Music, join !
 Each form'd to grace the other. *Ibid.*

Wife !

A rite at best, of form and doting custom :
 Built on distrust, and servile superstitions.
 She but, perchance, receiv'd him to her arms,
 Constrain'd, a victim to designing parents ;
 The pledge of future views, and growing friendship :
 While pride, resentment, more than real passion,
 Or tenderness for him, now fire her soul.

Frowde's Philotas.

Can she be faithful to her luckless lord
 Who will be absent in Affliction's hour ?
 Is it not then the lenient hand of Love
 Proves its best office ? Then the virtuous wife
 Shines in the full meridian of her truth,
 And claims her part of sorrow. *HAYARD's Charles I.*

W I L L.

1. It is not in my virtue to amend it.
 2. Virtue ! a fig : 'tis in ourselves that we
 Are thus, or thus ; our bodies are our gardens,
 To which our wills are gardeners : so
 That if we plant nettles, or sow lettuce ;
 Set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it
 With one gender of herbs, or distract it
 With many ; either have it steril with
 Idleness, or manur'd with industry ;
 Why, the pow'r, and corrigible authority
 Of this lies in our will. *SHAKESPEARE's Othello.*

W I N D.

Seas are the fields of combats for the winds ;
 But when they sweep along some flow'ry coast,
 Their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost.
DRYDEN's Rival Ladies.

As wanton as the breath of western winds,
Whose spicy breath thro' all these flow'ry plains,
Maintains eternal spring.

DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.

So the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless ocean,
And heaves the billows of the boiling deep;
Alike from north, from south, from east, from west,
With equal force the tempest blows by turns,
From every corner of the seaman's compass.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

W I N E.

Let all my soldiers quaff
That gen'rous juice, by juggling priests deny'd,
Lest it should help to whet our understandings,
And ripen reason, to see through their crafts.

DARCY's Love and Ambition.

They'll fight the better, heedless of their lives,
They'll not consider what it is to die;
And reason's by the liquor whetted first,
Then quite expell'd—Like hellebore 'twill purge,
As 'tis proportion'd, or distract the brain:
O that juice is more persuasive
Than the Alcoran in the fields of war.
'Twas priestcraft in the prophet to forbid it,
Why else should Nature bless our land with grapes.

Ibid.

W I S D O M.

Wisdom's too froward to let any find
Trust in himself, or pleasure in his mind:
She takes by what she gives, her help destroys;
She shakes our courage, and disturbs our joys.

HOWARD's Indian Queen.

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them; Sloth and Folly

Shiver

Shiver and shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.

Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother.

——— Vain boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastic pride, like busy children,
Builds paper towns and houses, which at once,
The hand of Chance o'erturns, or loosely scatters.

Ibid.

——— Wisdom's self
Of seeks so sweet retired solitude;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

MILTON's Comus.

Where, tell me where is Wisdom to be found?
Priests barter it for gold;—the politician
Mistakes his little crafty Guile for Wisdom.

C. JOHNSON's Medea.

Perhaps there is in Wisdom, gentle Wisdom,
That knows our frailties, therefore can forgive,
Some healing comfort, for a guilty mind,
Some power to charm it into peace again,
And bid it smile anew with right affections.

THOMSON's Agamemnon.

W I S H E S.

——— All that thy prayers
Can ask of Heav'n, all that the gods can grant
In answer of thy wishes, all be thine:
Eternal youth, and everlasting spring
Of smiling beauty, in its blushing bloom,
Make thee the pride and wish of hearts and eyes:
All joys, all blessings, which long happy years
Of empire can bestow, I mean to thee.

SOUTHERN's Spartan Dame.

So

So blind we are, our wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our pain.

DRYDEN's Marriage A-la-mode.

————— For wishes often are extravagant,
They are not bounded with things possible:
Desire's the vast extent of human mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

Multiplying wishes is a curse,
That keeps the mind perpetually awake.

DRYDEN's Secret Love.

————— Accept the pious wishes
Of an old man, made happy by your goodness:
Long and prosperous be your growing days,
Renown and Greatness crown thee in this life,
And when thy mortal part shall be dissolv'd,
May they adorn and eternise thy name,
And joys celestial bless thy virtuous soul.

WANDESFORD's Fatal Love.

W I T.

Wit, like painting, is valuable, as it entertains us;
but whoever gazes all his time away upon pictures, or
spends it on the other, will be left naked, dry, and
hungry.

KILLIGREW's Chit-Chat.

F A L S E W I T.

The glitter of false wit, like the shine of false jewels,
serve at once to shew the poverty and vanity of the
possessor.

Mrs. LENNOX's Sisters.

W I T C H.

She was a witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the moon, make ebbs and flows,
And deal in her command without her pow'r.

SHAKESPEARE's Tempest.

————— What

—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
They look not like the inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on it: Live you? Or are you aught,
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each, at once, her choppy fingers laying,
Upon her skinny lips.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And see which grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you, by that which you profess,
To answer me:

Tho' you untie the winds, and let 'em fight
Against the churches; tho' the yesty waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up;
Tho' bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Tho' castles topple on their warders heads;
Tho' palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations:
Even till Destruction sicken, answer me.

SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.

On the corner of the moon
Hangs a vap'rous drop profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to ground:
Which distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise artificial sprites;
Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd;
Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd:
Harper cries, 'tis time! 'tis time!
Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw:
Pour in sow's blood, that has eat
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweat
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

Toad that under the cold stone,
Days and nights, has thirty-one;
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot;
Fillet of a fenny snake,

In

In the cauldron boil and bake:
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and howler's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.
 Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches mummy, maw and gulph
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goats, and slips of yew,
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangl'd babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a Dutchman's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron:
 Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then our charm is firm and good. *Ibid.*

———But see, they're gone,
 The earth has bubbles as the waters have,
 And these are some of them: They vanish'd
 Into the air, and what seem'd corporal,
 Melted as breath into the wind. *Ibid.*

She was a charmer, and could almost read
 The thoughts of people. *SHAKESPEARE's Othello.*

———These midnight hags,
 By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
 And conjurations, horrible to hear,
 Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
 And set the ministers of Hell at work.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

W O

W O M A N, *Generally Characteriz'd.*

He that holds religious and sacred thoughts
Of a woman ; he that bears so reverend
A respect to her, that he will not touch
Her, but with a kiss'd hand and timorous
Heart ; he that adores her like his goddess,
Let him be sure she'll shun him like her slave.
Alas ! good souls, women of themselves are
Tractable and tractable enough, and
Would return quid for quod still, but we are
They that spoil them, and we shall answer for't
Another day ; we are they that put a
Kind of wanton melancholy into them,
That makes them think their noses bigger than
Their faces, greater than the sun in brightness ;
And whereas Nature made them but half fools,
We make them all fools. *CHAPMAN'S May Day.*

They say, that women have but tender hearts,
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found 'em tough,
They will bend indeed—but he must strain that cracks
them. *SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.*

A strange dissembling sex we women are,
Well may we men, when we ourselves deceive :
Long has my secret soul lov'd Troilus ;
I drank his praises from my uncle's mouth,
As if my ears could ne'er be satisfy'd.
Why then, why said I not, I lov'd the prince,
How could my tongue conspire against my heart,
To say I lov'd him not ? O childish love !
'Tis like an infant froward in his play,
And what he most desires, he throws away.

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

Hard Nature ! Hard condition of poor woman !
That we are most su'd to, we must fly most.
The trees grow up, and mix together freely :
The oak not envious of the sailing cedar ;

To

The lussy vine not jealous of the ivy,
 Because she clips the elm; the flow'rs shoot up,
 And wantonly kiss one another hourly;
 This blossom glorying in the other's beauty:
 And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
 But we are ty'd to grow alone. O Honour!
 Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedoms,
 He that invented thee had many curses.

BEAUMONT's Lovers Progress.

Curs'd vassalage of womankind!
 First idoliz'd, till love's hot fit be o'er;
 Then slaves to those who courted us before.

DRYDEN's State of Innocence.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found,
 Many are in each region passing fair,
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach!
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring, draw
 Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous nets;
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow;
 Enerve, and with voluptuous Hope dissolve;
 Draw out with credulous Desire, and lead
 At will the manliest resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws;
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

MILTON's Sampson Agonistes.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship

Of

Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger. *Ibid.*

———Inspire me, woman!
 That what my soul desires above the world,
 May seem impos'd and forc'd on my affection.

LEE's Theodosius.

Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
 Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
 I'll see Castalio; tax him with his falshood;
 Be a true woman: Rail, protest my wrongs;
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

OTWAY's Orphan.

No woman, once well pleas'd, can thoroughly hate:
 I gave them beauty to subdue the strong;
 (A mighty empire, but it lasts not long!)
 I gave them pride to make mankind their slave,
 But in exchange, to men I flattery gave;
 Th' offending lover, when he lowest lies,
 Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.

DRYDEN's Amphitruon.

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me:
 This is the mould of which I made the sex;
 I gave them but one tongue to say us nay,
 And two kind eyes to grant. *Ibid.*

Hard fate of lovers, subject to our laws!
 Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway;
 For none but fools will womankind obey:
 If they prove stubborn, and resist our will,
 We exercise our power, and use them ill;
 The passive slave that whines, adores, and dies,
 Sometimes we pity, but we still despise;

But

But when we doat, the self-same fate we prove,
 Fools at the best, but double fools in love:
 We rage at first with ill-dissembled scorn,
 Then falling from our height, more basely mourn;
 And man, the insulting tyrant, takes his turn:
 Leaves us to weep for our neglected charms,
 And hugs another mistress in his arms;
 And that which humbles our proud sex the most,
 Of all our slighted favours, makes his boast.

DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.

The wittiest men are all but woman's tools,
 'Tis our prerogative to make them fools:
 For one sweet look, the rich, the beau, the brave,
 And all mankind, run headlong to be slaves:
 Ours is the harvest, which those Indians mow,
 They plow the deep, but we reap what they sow.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

Women, like summer storms, a while are cloudy,
 Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers;
 But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
 And all the fair horizon is serene,

Rowe's Tamerlane.

How hard is the condition of our sex!
 'Thro' every state of life the slaves of men!
 In all the dear delightful days of youth,
 A rigid father dictates to our wills,
 And deals out pleasures with a scanty hand.
 To his the tyrant husband's reign succeeds:
 Proud with opinion of superior reason,
 He holds domestic business and devotion,
 All we are capable to know; and shuts us,
 Like cloister'd ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
 And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this wild obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Were

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,
 Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
 So many of your sex would not in vain
 Of broken vows and faithless men complain;
 Of all the various wretches Love has made,
 How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
 Convinc'd by Reason, they your power confess,
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
 And conscious of your worth, can never love you less.

Ibid.

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
 And such the curse intail'd upon our kind;
 That man, the lawless libertine may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd thro' the wiles of Love,
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerves from Virtue's rule;
 If strongly charm'd she leaves the thorny ways,
 And in the softer paths of Pleasure strays;
 Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false step entirely damns her fame.
 In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets like stars, that fall to rise no more.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

How fierce a fiend is Passion! with what wildness,
 What tyranny untam'd it reigns in woman!
 Unhappy sex, whose easy yielding temper
 Gives way to every appetite alike,
 Each gust of inclination uncontroll'd,
 Sweeps thro' their souls, and sets them in an uproar:
 Each motion of the heart rises to fury;
 And Love in their weak bosoms is a rage,
 As terrible as Hate, and as destructive:
 So the winds roar o'er the wide senseless ocean,
 And heave the billows of the boiling deep;
 Alike from north, from south, from east and west,
 With equal force the tempest blows by turns,
 From every corner of the seaman's compass.

Ibid.

When

When Love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the Virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost. *ADDISON'S Cato.*

Since women thus the nobler sex controul,
And bind in magic chains the free-born soul,
Coily they fly us when they know we're fast,
Protract our toils a-while, but yield at last.
Whose fate it is to Love, 'tis his to bear
Th' uneven tempers of the stubborn fair,
Not curse his stars, or think his hopes o'erthrown
By one harsh word, or inauspicious frown,
Wisely to weigh their charms with their disdain,
And for the future pleasure flight the present pain.

BECKINGHAM'S Henry IV. of France.

Cou'd women be, at once, in love and wise,
And drive the tell-tale softness from their eyes,
Th' encourag'd tempter cou'd not, then, betray,
Aw'd by cold looks, those rubs in passion's way;
Then all his arts wou'd sooth our sex in vain,
Nor hours of bliss be paid with years of pain.

HILL'S Henry V.

Oh! why does Custom, (tyrant over Reason)
Confine to man alone all great decisions?
Woman more resolute, more bold, more daring,
Yields not her purpose till by force compell'd.

E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.

Think as you list of our unhappy sex,
Too much subjected to your tyrant force;
Yet know that all, we were not all at least,
Form'd for your trifles, for your wanton hours.
Our passions too can sometimes soar above
The household task assign'd us, can extend
Beyond the narrow sphere of families,
And take great states into th' expanded heart,
As well as yours, ye partial to yourselves.

THOMSON'S Sophonisba.

— Excuse

Excuse

A woman's frailty : Where she once has lov'd,
Strong is the passion ; and howe'er suppress'd
In smothering embers, still the flame bursts out ;
And strives to climb above our just resentment.

Frowde's Philotas.

Thy sex, Creusa, is by Nature weak,
Made up of Tenderness and soft Compassion,
Unapt to combat with the cares of life :
The gods have form'd you in the arts of Peace,
To sweeten and reward the hero's toils.
The warrior is the fair-one's strong defence,
Her bulwark 'gainst Adversity and Violence.

C. JOHNSON'S Medea.

Oh, wretched woman ! Oh, defenceless sex !
Of the whole animated race most helpless.
We purchase Slavery with Wealth and Honours ;
And when we take a husband, buy a tyrant ;
A stern, domestic foe ; morose, unjust ;
Bound by no law himself, and yet demanding
A strict obedience from the frail and weak. *Ibid.*

O woman ! cou'd'st thou now review thyself
As in a mirror, and behold the charms
Chaste manners give, thy passions wou'd be held
For ever in the rein of godlike Reason. *Ibid.*

If what to me seems worthier much of praise,
An humble nature, and a generous will
To exercise the duties of a woman :
The prompt forgiveness for the starts of passion,
The lenient arts to tune discordant souls,
And soften all the manly cares of life :
If such a disposition carries aught
Of Virtue with it, then may Ariana
From gentle Edmund and his friends, perhaps,
In time deserve esteem.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide,

They

They who have often blasted mighty heroes,
 Who oft have stol'n into the firmest hearts,
 And melted them to folly ; they, my friend,
 Will do what Wisdom never could effect.

THOMSON's Coriolanus.

Woman's heart

Was never won by tales of bleeding Love :
 'Tis by degrees the sly enchanter works,
 Assuming Friendship's name, and fits the soul
 For soft impressions, 'ere the fault'ring tongue,
 And guilty blushing cheek, with many a glance,
 Shot inadvertent, tells the secret flame.

WHITEHEAD's Roman Father.

The weak sex demand

Our pity, not our anger ; their soft breasts
 Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to sorrows
 Than man's experter sense. Nor let us blame
 That tenderness which smooths our rougher natures,
 And softens all the joys of social life. *Ibid.*

W O M A N, P R A I S E of

Woman, they say, was only made of man :
 Methinks 'tis strange they shou'd be so unlike !
 It may be all the best was cut away,
 To make the woman, and the naught was left
 Behind with him. *BEAUMONT's Coxcomb.*

O woman ! that some one of you would take
 An everlasting pen into your hands,
 And grave in paper, which the writ shall make
 More lasting than the marble monuments,
 Your matchless virtues to posterity !
 Which the defective race of envious man
 Strive to conceal. *Ibid.*

Imagine something between young men and angels,
 Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes,
 Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's,
 They're

They're all enchantment, those who once behold 'em
Are made their slaves for ever. *DRYDEN'S Tempest.*

It was not best for man to be alone :
An equal, yet thy subject, is design'd,
For thy soft hours, and to unbend thy mind ;
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway,
And thou thro' Love her Beauty shalt obey ;
Thou shalt secure her helpless sex from harms,
And she thy cares shall sweeten with her charms.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

Man was at first a rude unpolish'd mass,
Till Nature fram'd that charming creature woman,
To mend our faults, and mould us into virtue ;
And by the sweets of her refreshing goodness,
Prepare our tastes for never ending joys.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made you
To temper man : We had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
There's in you, all that we believe of Heaven ;
Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserved.

Grant me but life, good Heav'n, and give me means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends,
And let me then forget her if I can !
Oh ! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her ! Tho' I again could venture,
A father and his fortune for her love !
You wretched fathers, blind as Fortune all,
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons :
What has she in my absence undergone !

SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.

Thou ! I would call thee somewhat higher still :
But when my thoughts search Heaven for appellation,

They echo back the sovereign name of woman!
Thou woman, therefore! O thou loveliest woman!

Hill's Fair Inconstant.

In that soft mould are often cast
Heroic, manly souls; th' illustrious names
Of Clelia and Luerece, adorn our annals.
Their fair example; and the Roman blood;
That warms the generous Timandra's heart,
Should fire her soul to worthy emulation.

Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

O woman!—Let the libertine decry,
Rail at the virtuous love he never felt,

Nor wish'd to feel—Among the sex there are

Numbers, as greatly good, as they are fair;
Where rival Virtues strive which brightens most,
Beauty the smallest excellence they boast;
Where all unite substantial bliss to prove,
And give mankind in them, a taste of joys above.

Haward's Scanderbeg.

————— I have prov'd it
That woman, tender, amiable, and constant,
Is Virtue's best reward.

Francis's Eugenia.

In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman:
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded, while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,
That Heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.

Young's Revenge.

W O M A N C A N S U A B L E

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore must be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than

Than

Than wots the miller of ; and easy 'tis
Off a cut loaf to steal a shive we know,

SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.

See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.

O devil! devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop the falls would prove a crocodile.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

Could I find out

The woman's part in me ; for there's no motion

That tends to Vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it

The woman's: Flatt'ring, her's: Deceiving, her's:

Lust and rank Thoughts, her's: Revenge, her's:

Ambitions, Covetings, change of Pride, Diffidels,

Nice Longings, Slanders, Mutability,

All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that Hell knows,

Why her's in part, or all: But rather all; for even to

Vice

They are not constant, but are changing still

One Vice but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that.

SHAKESPEARE's Cymbeline.

They shall find,

That to a woman of her hopes beguil'd

A viper trod on, or an asp's mild.

BEAUMONT's Spanish Curate.

Women! Keep me from women!

Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure:

Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation:

But women! women! O the devil, women!

Curtius' gulph was never half so dangerous!

BEAUMONT's Custom of the Country.

Oh ! th' uncomfortable ways such women have !
 Their different speech, and meaning ! No assurance
 In what they say or do ! Dissemblers
 Ev'n in their pray'rs ! As if the weeping Greek
 That flatter'd Troy a-fire had been their Adam !
 Lyars, as if their mothers had been made
 Only of all the falsehood of the man,
 Dispos'd into that rib !

BEAUMONT's Martial Maid.

—The Plague, War, Famine,
 Nay, put in Dice and Drunkenness, (and those,
 You'll grant, are pretty helps,) kill not so many,
 I mean so many noble, as your Loves do,
 Rather your Lewdness. I crave your mercy, women !

BEAUMONT's Lovers Progress.

—Thou ! I want a name
 By which to stile thee ! All articulate sounds,
 That do express the mischief of vile woman,
 That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
 To speak thee to the height !

BEAUMONT's Double Marriage.

There's not a grain of Faith or Honesty
 In all your sex : You've tongues like the Hyena,
 And only speak us fair, to ruin us :
 You carry springs within your eyes, and can
 Outweep the crocodile, till our too much pity
 Betray us to your merciless devouring.

SHIRLEY's Love's Cruelty.

—The fox,
 Hyena, crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
 Have been distill'd to make one woman.

RANDOLPH's Jealous Lovers.

Women enjoy'd, like rivers in the sea,
 Lose both their taste and name. Suppose 'em Juno's
 In the pursuit, they're clouds in the enjoyment.

WILSON's Cheats.

Ah !

Ah ! the whole sex is naught, false and unkind ;
Falsè than flatt'ring seas, or fleeting wind !
With panting fears and hopes they rack our breast,
Snatch our lost sleep, and ravish downy rest !

LEE's Nero.

Shun 'em, Massina, as thou wouldst thy fate,
As things which by antipathy we hate :
Not all the horrors of a bloody war,
Not lions, tygers, such hid fury bear :
None ever yet destroy'd, but still the smil'd :
They are all grief when they appear all joy ;
Like lightning, while they glitter, they destroy.

LEE's Sophonisba.

Nature made
Nothing but woman dangerous and fair.

DRYDEN's Tempest.

Ah, traitress ! ah, ingrate ! ah, faithless mind !
Ah sex, invented first to damn mankind !
Nature took care to dress you up in sin,
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within !
Hence by no judgment you your love direct ;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect :
So much self-love in your composure's mix'd,
That love to others still remains unfix'd :
Greatness and noise, and shew, are your delight ;
Yet wise men love you in their own despite :
And finding in their native wit no ease,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to please.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

Our serpents, tho' new born, are poisonous still,
And women ne'er so young, have craft and guile.

SEDLEY's Antony and Cleopatra.

On woman's virtue who too much rely,
To boundless will, give boundless liberty.
Restraint you will not brook, but think it hard,
Your Prudence is not trusted as your guard :

And to yourselves so left, if ill ensues,
 You first our weak indulgence will accuse.
 Curs'd be that hour,
 When, sated with my single happiness,
 I chose a partner to controul my bliss,
 Who wants that reason which her will should sway,
 And knows but just enough to disobey.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

O women! women! women! All the gods
 Have not such pow'r of doing good to man
 As you of doing harm.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

That thoughtless sex, is caught by outward form
 And empty noise, and loves itself in man.

LEE'S Oedipus.

These women are such cunning purveyors,
 Mark where their appetites have once been pleas'd!
 The same resemblance in a younger lover,
 Lies brooding in their fancies the same pleasures,
 And urges their remembrance to desires.

Ibid.

Thou'rt woman, a true copy of the first,
 In whom the race of all mankind was curs'd;
 Your sex by beauty was to Heaven ally'd,
 But your great lord, the devil, taught you pride.
 He too an angel, till he durst rebel,
 And you are sure the stars that with him fell.
 Weep on! a stock of tears, like vows you have,
 And always ready when you would deceive.

OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
 You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
 Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,
 And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

OTWAY'S Orphans.

Woman! the fountain of all human frailty:
 What mighty ills have not been done by woman!

Whb

Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
 Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
 Woman to man, first as a blessing given,
 When Innocence and Love were in their prime;
 Happy, a-while, in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly woman long'd to go astray;
 Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
 And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;
 To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind. *Ibid.*

A woman! If you love my peace of mind,
 Name not a woman to me! But to think
 Of woman were enough to turn my brains,
 Till they ferment to madness! A woman is the thing
 I would forget, and blot from my remembrance! *Ibid.*

Who can describe
 Women's hypocrisies! Their subtle wiles,
 Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies?
 Their painted outfides, and corrupted minds?
 The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods! *Ibid.*

Intolerable vanity! Your sex
 Was never in the right! You're always false:
 Or silly! even your dresses are not more
 Fantastic than your appetites! You think
 Of nothing twice! Opinion you have none:
 To-day you're nice, to-morrow not so free;
 Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
 Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why:
 Virtue you affect, Inconstancy you practise;
 And when your loose desires once get dominion,
 No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast:
 Every rank fool goes down. *Ibid.*

That sex was first in mock'ry of us made;
 They are the false deceitful glasses, where
 We gaze, and dress ourselves to all the shapes
 Of Folly: What is't a woman cannot do?
 She'll make a statesman quite forget his cunning,
 And trust his dearest secrets to her breast,
 Where fops have daily entrance; make a priest,
 Forgetting the hypocrisy of his office,
 Dance, and shew tricks, to prove his strength and
 brawn;

Make a projector quibble; an old judge
 Put on false hair, and paint. And after all,
 Tho' she be known the lewdest of her sex,
 She'll make some fool or other think her honest.

OTWAY's Caius Marius.

— O woman in perfection!
 Thou dazzling mixture of ten thousand Circes
 In one bright heap, cast by some huddling god.

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

I'll stay and fix my imagination
 On all their mischiefs, murders, massacres,
 And seas of blood they've spilt in former ages:
 Woman no more! And when my heart is going,
 Sound but that name: The pow'rful spell shall bind
 Beyond Circean and Egyptian charms;
 'Twill raise the lowest devils up in swarms,
 Unhinge the globe, and put the world in arms!
 Woman! that dooms us all to one sure grave,
 And faster damns, than Providence can save!

LEE's Constantine.

Henceforth not name a woman:
 'Tis treason to my ear! They are
 The bane of empire, and the rot of power;
 The cause of all our mischiefs, murders, massacres!
 What seas of blood they've spilt in former ages!

Ibid.

— Woman

Woman ! woman !

What can I call thee more ? If devil, 'twere less.
Sure thine's a race was never got by Adam ;
But Eve play'd false, engend'ring with the serpent,
Her own part worse than his.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.

Devil ! devil ! as they're all !

'Tis true, at first, she caught the heav'nly form ;
But now Ambition sets her on her head :
By Hell, I see the cloven mark upon her. *Ibid.*

For since the conquest Adam made on Eve,
'Thas been the sex's business to deceive.

SOUTHERN's Disappointment.

I've made

A study of the sex, and found it frail :
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly minded all : There's not a she,
The coldest constitution of her sex,
Nay, at the altar, telling o'er her beads,
But some one rises on her heavenly thoughts,
That drives her down the wind of strong desire,
And makes her taste mortality again. *Ibid.*

Their sex is one gross cheat ! They only study
How to deceive, betray, and ruin man !
They have it by tradition from their mothers,
Which they improve each day, and grow more ex-
quisite !

Their painting, patching, all their chamber-arts,
And public affectations, are but tricks
To draw fond man into that snare, their love !

OTWAY's Athiest.

The bard who charm'd the shades, made furies weep,
And lull'd the damn'd amidst their pain to sleep ;
Who panthers could reclaim, or beast more fell,
Could not the rage of furious woman quell :

Her wilder heart no power of sound could tame,
While the creation melted with his flame.

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

—————The brave
Could scorn the snares of that deluding sex,
Nor sacrifice to such a toy as woman,
Their Interest, their Happiness and Fame :
With woman always, they most favour find,
Who have the least of merit.

Ibid.

—————What faith can be in women,
The very fragments of the whole creation !
Whose sever'd souls, like many parted mirrors,
Reflect the face of all mankind at once :
Who with their weeping smiles and laughing tears,
Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,
Would tempt the angels to a second fall.

LEE's Massacre of Paris.

That man that would successful be in mischief,
Must by one means or other hook in woman :
Mischief's their study, mischief is their trade ;
And sure 'twas for that only they were made :
For when a woman once in mischief joins,
She's sure to gain whatever she designs.

POWELL's Treacherous Brother.

O woman ! woman ! thou primitive seducer,
That with the serpent clubb'd for our damnation !
Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his guile ;
But thou, the greater fiend, not being suspected,
Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew !

MOUNTFORD's Successful Stranger.

—————This is a very woman :
Her sex is Avarice ; and she, in one,
Is all her sex.

DRYDEN's Amphitruon.

—————Woman ! woman !
Whence comes your empire over us ? Whence the
pow'r

That

That chains us all your slaves; Sure we, at first,
 Were meant the masters! but by some strange turn,
 Some most prodigious whirl of unfix'd fate,
 The subtle sex has chang'd the laws of Heav'n:
 Heav'n, when it made them, meant them to obey;
 Design'd them slaves, who now have learn'd to sway:
 To them the heroes of the earth fall down,
 Pleas'd when they smile, but dying when they frown:
 To them we offer up our frequent prayers,
 They move above our heads in higher spheres,
 And the large rule of all the world is theirs.

HOPKINS'S Pyrrhus.

Mankind from Adam have been women's fools;
 Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools;
 Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell;
 Not left us women, or not threaten'd Hell.

LANSDOWN'S She-Gallant.

Tho' hearts for hearts uncertainly prevail,
 Riches and Pow'r are baits that never fail:
 He makes most progress in a woman's breast,
 Who proffers highest, not who loves her best.

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

So many shapes have women for deceit;
 That man's a fool whenever we think fit.

LANSDOWN'S Jew of Venice.

Who can describe
 Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,
 Proweness to change, even from the joy that pleas'd 'em!!
 So gracious is their idol, dear Variety,
 That for another's Love they would forego
 An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's:
 Thro' every state and rank of men they wander,
 Till even their large experience takes in all
 The different nations of the peopl'd earth.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,

L. 6.

Thy

Thy fragrant bowers, and everlasting shades;
Thou hast plac'd woman there, and all thy joys are
tainted. *Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women:
It is the constant cozenage of their sex,
One of the common arts they practise on us,
To sigh and weep, then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires, inhabit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is Variety.
One lover to another still succeeds:
Another, and another after that:
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him. *Ibid.*

Methought even now I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul, tho' damn'd Dissimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of Innocence and Beauty!
O false appearance! what is all thy sovereignty,
Or boasted power, when they oppose their arts?
Still they prevail, and we are found the fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord:
Too blind with Love, and Beauty, to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare:
Nor could believe that such a heavenly race
Had bargain'd with the devil to damn her wretched
race. *Ibid.*

Thou, sure, wer't left of all the race uncurs'd,
To shew how perfect Heav'n form'd woman first.

Killegrew's Chit-Chat.

A woman's oaths are wafers, they break in making:
They must for modesty a little.

BLAUMONT and FLETCHER's Chances.

—————Mischief never thrives,
Without the help of woman. *TRAP's Abramule.*

Who trusts himself to woman, or the waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose:
For he that ventures all his hopes like me,
On the frail promise of a woman's smiles,
Like me will be deceiv'd, and curse his folly.

OLDMIXON's Governor of Cyprus.

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A poppet made of prettiness and pride,
That oftner does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops, in the sun change colour.
Was our reason given
For such a use, to be thus puff'd about,
Like a dry leaf, and idle straw, a feather,
The sport of every whistling blast that blows?

—————It is wondrous strange,
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters even the wisest of us all.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Sure Nature form'd all women for our shame,
Perverse of ill, and obstinate in wrong.
Where Law and Custom give 'em no pretence,
Their curious tempers and their passions drive
The weakest sex to do the greatest ills,
And mar and spoil all mischief but their own.

SEWEL's Sir Walter Ralshg.

Join to a slender shape a Syren's head,
Two eyes of basilisks, a serpent's tongue,
The heart and whining of a crocodile,
The dazzling of the sun, the moon's inconstancy;
To

To this odd compound give but hands and feet;
And cover all with a soft skin, and fair complexion,
You'll make a perfect woman.

SMITH'S Princess of Parma.

Thus when the common parent of thy sex,
Pattern of falshood, had betray'd her lord,
Had talk'd, and sigh'd, and wept him into ruin,
And lost his Eden for one taste of pleasure,
She hung upon him with a shew of fondness!
Grief's pearly dew gave lustre to her eyes,
The eloquence of Love dwelt on her tongue,
And heighten'd beauty blush'd upon her cheek!
Thus, like the vernal morning dress'd in show'rs,
The charming mischief sooth'd th' uxorious wretch,
And bought his cheap forgiveness with a tear.

FRANKLIN'S Earl of Warwick.

O woman! woman! stain of the creation!
Let no philosopher henceforth perplex
His brain to find the region of the damn'd,
For woman is our Hell——Not all the plagues,
Not all the fancy'd tortures of the poets
Combin'd in one, can equal what I feel:—
Can such a soul be made in such a frame!
Much the completest workmanship of Heav'n;
Whose beauty governs with unbounded sway,
Her mind yet tainted with such damn'd spots;
Heav'n shines conspicuous in her outward form,
But in her inward, blackest Hell conceal'd!
Oh most pernicious of creation's works!
Oh that the gods could find some other way
To give our lower world the human race.

Tracy's Perlander.

O woman! woman! woman!
Demons, delusions, miracles——what not,
Are all call'd in——rather than own your falshoods,
The very steady laws of Nature change.
No, no, Miranda, that Nature's still the same,
Thou

W O M E N

Thou art thyself a proof.—
From the first fair deceiver down to thee,
Thus beautifully false,—
You've look'd, and smil'd, and sigh'd, to our destruc-
tion.

Demons ———
———What demons can torment us like yourselves,
Or what delusions can deceive the sense
Like women! obstinate in artful wiles!
Bred from your infancy to hide your souls
In the mysterious schools of female-fraud,
The mother to the daughter hands the art,
From age to age traditionally down,
One long accumulated train of close dissimulation.

BELLER's Injured Innocences.

Wonder not, the sex are all the same,
Their appetites alike delight in change,
Desire the only lasting passion there.
At first the easy lesson made its way,
And sunk into her soul—The object gone,
Was she to mortify with sighs and tears,
And grieve her youth away—She better thought:—
Believe it she is mine, howe'er appearance
At first deceiv'd you with the show of favour.

HAYARD's Scanderbeg,

———O woman!
Such is thy varying nature, that the waves
Are not more fluctuating than thy opinion,
Nor sooner are displac'd.

HAYARD's Charles II.

———All women may be won.
The dame of Ephesus, the Ann of Richard,
Shew us a woman's grief and resolution.

Ibid.

How wayward and perverse a thing is woman!
How much unlike the softness we expect,
When rage and trifles vex 'em: In the heat
And the full vigour of their first enjoyment,

Distrust

Distrust succeeds their love; and he who pleases,
Is hunted by their jealousy to hate. *Ibid.*

Right woman!—resolute in every whim,
And violent in all they undertake.—
With what a torrent do their passions drive!
A gust will banish reason from its seat,
And fill the mind with anarchy and uproar!
SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

I am a woman! nay, a woman wrong'd!
And when our sex, from injuries take fire,
Our softness turns to fury.—And our thoughts
Breathe vengeance and destruction.

SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.

Not e'en the soldier's fury, rais'd in war,
The rage of tyrants, when defiance stings 'em!
The pride of priests, so bloody when in power!
Are half so dreadful as a woman's vengeance. *Ibid.*

————— Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most.

SMOLLET'S Regicide.

Why, what a wilful, wayward thing is woman!
Even in their best pursuits so loose of soul,
That every breath of passion shakes their frame,
And every fancy turns them. But her threats—
They too are weak and womanish. Eugenia—
If she has aught of woman in her form,
Their universal vanity, their pride,
Their wandering appetites, their sense of shame,
And dread of infamy,—she must be mine.

FRANCIS'S Eugenia.

Woman, by Nature formed to be undone,
Oft sees, yet helps the treason she would shun.

HILL'S Insolvent.

—————Into these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That Art or Love could frame.

BEAUMONT'S Maid's Tragedy.

Which way, Lucina, I hope you to escape
The censure both of tyrannous and proud,
While your admirers languish by your eyes:
And at your feet an emperor despairs.
Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your brood
To suffer tamely under mortal hate?
Is it not I that do protect your shrines?
Am author of your sacrifice and prayers?
Forc'd by whose great commands, the knowing world
Submits to own your beings and your power;
And must I feel the torments of neglect?
Betray'd by Love, to be the slave of Scorn?
But 'tis not you, poor harmless deities,
That can make Valentinian sigh and mourn:
Alas! all power is in Lucina's eyes!
How soon could I shake off this heavy earth,
Which makes me little lower than yourselves,
And sit in Heaven an equal with the first!
But Love bids me pursue a nobler aim,
Continue mortal and Lucina's slave,
From whose fair eyes, would Pity take my part,
And bend her will, to save a bleeding heart;
I in her arms such blessings should obtain,
For which th'unenvy'd gods might wish in vain.

ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

You like the sun, great Sir, are plac'd above;
I a low myrtle in the humble vale,
May flourish by your distant influence:
But should you bend your glories nearer me,
Such fatal favours wither me to dust:
Or I in foolish gratitude aspire,

To

To kiss your feet, by whom I live and grow,
 To such a height I should in vain aspire,
 Who am already rooted here below :
 Fix'd in my Maximus's breast I lie;
 Torn from that bed, like gather'd flowers, die.

Cease to oppress me with ten thousand charms ;

There needs no succour to prevailing arms :

Your beauty has subdu'd my heart before,
 Such virtue could alone enslave me more :
 I burn, Lucina, like a field of corn,
 By burning streams of kindled flames devour'd ;
 When north-winds drive the torrent with a storm :
 Those fires into my bosom you have thrown,
 And must in pity quench them in your own.

I'm fill'd with such amaze,
 So far transported with desire and love,
 My slippery soul flies to you while I speak.

Oh ! were the world return'd to ancient chaos,
 Thy looks would force the warring elements
 Into a sacred order, and beget
 A harmony like this they now enjoy.

DAVENANT'S APOCALYPSE.

O speak again ! The breath that tells you love,
 Approaches like the gentle winds, that move
 Over the tops of fragrant flowers, and bring,
 To the blest sense, their souls upon the wing.

HOWARD'S VISIT TO VIRGIN.

First he began to look,
 And then he sigh'd and then he look'd again ;
 At length he said, my eyes wounded his heart :
 And after that, he talk'd of flames and fires,
 And such strange words, that I believe he conjur'd.

DYDEN'S MARRIAGE A-la-mo-de.

Oh ! 'Tis most true, that while
 I stand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound me.

Thy

Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes :
And while I feel thy hand, my body glows !

LEE's Alexander.

These praises breath'd from any lips but yours,
Lord of my life, and idol of my love,
Would make me sink with shame, or scorn the flatterer !

But as they come from you, from that lov'd mouth,
The tender offspring of your fond desire :
I take them all, and die upon the sound :
To the driven air my flying soul is fasten'd ;
Each word, each syllable you speak is mine ;
Yes I am fair ! a queen, a goddess ! any thing
That my lov'd lord is pleas'd to have me be.

LEE's Misbridates.

— O beauteous maid !

O thou to whom my vows were ever paid !
And with such modest, chaste, and pure affection,
The coldest nymph might read them without blushing !

LEE's Oedipus.

— Oh ! let me kneel and swear,

And on thy hand seal my religious vow :
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth ;
Swept from the book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais !
To all the Persian greatness !

LEE's Theodosius.

What says my fair ? Drive Athenais from me !

Start me not into frenzy, lest I rail
At all religion, and fall out with Heav'n !
And what is she, alas ! that should supplant thee ?
Were she the mistress of the world, as fair
As winter's stars, or summer's setting suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest dress,
With that chaste modest look, when first I saw thee
The heiress of a poor philosopher ;
I swear by all I wish, by all I love,
Glory, and thee, I would not lose a thought,

Nor cast an eye that way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd arms, and lose myself for ever. *Ibid.*

I know that she deserves a crown :
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love. *Ibid.*

I am unpractis'd in the art of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art :
Opsets in love seem best, like those in war ;
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force.
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out th' abundance of my soul.
OTWAY'S Orphan.

He sigh'd his passion in such soft complaints,
Courted with such winning modesty,
Ev'n in his silence, eloquent his words,
So artfully disorder'd, as might move
Vestals devoted to a living grave.
TATE'S Loyal General.

— Thou art the blood of Heav'n,
The kindest influence of the teeming stars !
A god thy father was, a goddess was his wife ;
The wood-nymphs found thee on a bed of roses,
Lap'd in the sweets and beauties of the spring !
Diana foster'd thee with nectar dews.
Thus tender, blooming, chaste she gave me thee,
To build a temple sacred to her name.
LEE'S Lucius Junius Brutus.

O stop not here ! for ever bless my ears,
With the delightful story of thy love !
My heart is ravish'd with excess of joy,
Leaps in my breast,
And dances to the music of thy voice !
SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

Oh ! thou disturb'st me with such charming pleasure,
I love and tremble as at an angel's view !
DRYDEN'S Duke of Guise.

Did you but know what 'tis to love, like me;
 Without a dawn of bliss; to dream all day,
 To pass the night in broken sleeps away;
 Toss'd in the restless tides of hopes and fears,
 With eyes for ever running o'er with tears:
 To leave my couch, and fly to beds of flowers,
 To invoke the stars, to curse the dragging hours,
 To talk like madmen to the groves and bow'rs:
 Could you know this, and blame my tortur'd love,
 If thus it throws my body at your feet?
 O fly not hence!
 Vouchsafe but just to view me in despair:
 I ask not love, but pity from the fair.

LXX's Princes of Cleve.

He answers not my glances, stupid man!
 My tender look, my languishing regards
 Are like misaiming arrows lost in air,
 And miss the flying prey!
 Perhaps he dares not think, I would be lov'd:
 Then must I make the advance! and making, lose
 The vast prerogative our sex enjoys,
 Of being courted first! Court'd! to what?
 To our own wishes. There's the point! but still,
 To speak our wishes first, forbid it Pride!
 Forbid it Modesty! True, they forbid it,
 But Nature does not! When we are a-thirst,
 Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay?
 Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on?

DRYDEN's Cleomenes.

———— I would, but cannot speak,
 The shame that should to womankind belong,
 Flows from my bosom, hovers on my tongue! *Ibid.*

I am all love, and thou all over charms!
 Thou hast no equal! a superior ray,
 Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.

LANSDOWN's British Inchanters.

My care shall be to pay devotion here,

At

At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
 And raise Love's altar on the spoils of war.
 Conquest and Triumph now are mine no more;
 Nor will I Victory in camps adore:
 For lingering there in long suspense she stands,
 Shifting the prize in unresolving hands:
 Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her delay,
 Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day:
 Now late I find, that war is but her sport,
 In love the goddess keeps her awful court:
 Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
 But rules with settl'd sway in Zara's eyes.

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Exquisite charmer! Now by Orsmales,
 I swear thy each soft accent melts my soul!
 The joy of conquest, and immortal triumph,
 Honour and greatness, all that fires the hero
 To high exploits, and everlasting fame,
 Grows vile in sight of thee! My haughty soul,
 By nature fierce, and panting after glory,
 Could be content to live obscure with thee,
 Forgotten and unknown of all but my Amestris.

2. No, son of great Arfaces, tho' my soul
 Shares in my sex's weakness, and would fly
 From noise and faction, and from fatal greatness;
 Yet for thy sake, spite of my boding tears,
 I'll meet the danger which Ambition brings,
 And tread one path with thee!

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Forbear to argue with that angel face,
 Against the passion thou wert form'd to raise:
 Alas! thy frozen heart has only known
 Love in reverse, not tasted of its joys;
 The wishes, soft desires, and pleasing pains,
 That centre all in most extatic bliss.
 O lovely maid! mispend no more that treasure
 Of youth and charms, which lavish Nature gives!
 The Paphian goddess frowns at thy delay:

By

By her fair self; and by her son she swears,
 Thy beauties are devoted to her service.
 Now! now she shoots her fires into my breast,
 She urges my desires, and bids me seize thee,
 And bear thee as a victim to her altar;
 Then offer up ten thousand, thousand joys;
 As an amends for all thy former coldness. *Ibid.*

To every power divine I will appeal,
 Nor shall thy beauty bribe them to be partial;
 Their altars now expect us: Come fair saint,
 And if thou wilt abide their righteous doom,
 Their justice must decree my happiness,
 Reward thy suffering, and my flame approve;
 For they themselves have felt the power of love. *Ibid.*

What queens are those of most celestial form,
 Whose charms can drive thy image from my breast?
 Oh! were they cast in Nature's fairest mold,
 Brighter than Cynthia's shining train of stars,
 Kind as the softest she that ever clasp'd
 Her lover, when the bridal night was past!
 I swear I could prefer thee, O Cleone!
 With all thy scorn and cold indifference;
 Would choose to languish, and to die for thee,
 Much rather than be blest, and live for them!! *Ibid.*

O Armida!

Why wert thou form'd so exquisitely fair?
 The angel stamp'd upon that beauteous face,
 Without a mind proportion'd to thy form.
 Bright as a star! Why wilt thou not pour down
 Propitious influence to preserve mankind?
 But like a comet, with portentous blaze
 Of threatening beauty shine; and arm'd with Fate,
 Prefage destruction, and the fall of kings!

Hiccon's Generous Conqueror.

Pleasure flows streaming from those lovely eyes,
And with its sweetness overcomes my soul!

DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.

Why wert thou form'd with that surprizing beauty,
That might transport an angel from his sphere,
And fix him by divine resemblance here? *Ibid.*

To thee my secret soul more lowly bends,
Than forms of outward worship can express.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

If it were possible my heart could stray,
One look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the wanderer for ever thine. *Ibid.*

My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee:
Angels and light itself are not so fair! *Ibid.*

In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seems severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes:
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness the cause of love,
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part:
By Love, herself, and Nature thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's fantastic aid;
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid. *Ibid.*

Oh! I will woo thee
With sighs so moving; with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy. *Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Oh! I behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
And know none fair, none excellent beside thee!
I still will love thee with unwearied constancy;
Thro' every season, every change of life;
Thro' wrinkled age, thro' sickness and misfortune!

Ibid.

Behold

Behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy. *Idid.*

Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
E'en now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me;
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire.
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still? *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife!
With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat, and chilly dew,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion,
Careless of danger, and of wasting toil;
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst,
I'll find all joys in thee.

Smith's Phœdra and Hyppolitus.

W O R D S.

Were all the Roman piles,
And Scythian darts, and Parthia's poison'd arrows
Shot through this body, her words wound me more.

SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.

I'll speak the kindest words,
That tongue e'er utter'd, or that heart e'er thought.

DRYDEN's Indian Emperor.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last!

DRYDEN's All for Love.

How much distracted are my thoughts, and how
Disjointed all your words!

The Sybil's leaves more orderly were laid.

DRYDEN's Secret Love.

My ears will not be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of sounds!

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Teach me some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions!

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

Go, tell it all, but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity!

SMITH'S Phœdra and Hippolitus.

Your language labours with important sense;
I hear the solemn voice of opening Fate;
And summon'd to sustain the threaten'd charge,
My spirits hurry to my throbbing heart;
As at the signal of approaching fight,
The warriors scatter'd o'er the distant plain,
Spur to the sound, and form the front of battle.

JEFFREY'S Edwin.

Thy words sweetly descending, drop as oil,
The balm of wounded minds.

C JOHNSON'S Medea.

W O R L D.

I hold the world but as a stage, Gratiano,
Where ev'ry man must play some certain part.

SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.

At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to school; and then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a soldier

Full

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation,
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts,
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon.
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.

The world's a lab'rinth, where unguided men
 Walk up and down to find their weariness:
 No sooner have we measur'd with much toil
 One crooked path, in hope to gain our freedom,
 But it betrays us to a new affliction.

BEAUMONT'S Night-Walker.

Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,
 And short-liv'd pleasures pass like fleeting dreams.

ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

Come, the tumultuous world we visit now,
 There to successful Vice the virtuous bow:
 The pious quarrel, Ignorance is loud,
 All is amiss in schools, the wise are proud;
 At court they patient Modesty despise,
 Only the impudent are sure to rise.

G. DAVENANT'S Circe.

Is it a pride, alas! to please the world,
 Where honest thoughts are a reproach to man,

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Where

Where knaves look great, and groaning Virtue starves,
A world of Madnels, Falsehood, and Injustice?

SMITH's Princess of Parma.

_____ The world's a stormy sea,
Whose every breath is strew'd with wrecks of wretches,
That daily perish in it.

ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

What's this world?—Thy school, O Misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.

YOUNG's Revenge.

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions
Will seem a speck in the great void of space.

MURPHY's Grecian Daughter.

W O R T H.

I prithee who is greatest? Can you tell?

Sad tales besit my woe! I'll tell you one.

"A salmon as she swam into the sea

"Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her

"With this rough language: Why art thou so bold

"To mix thyself with our high state of floods,

"Being no eminent courtier, but one,

"That for the calmest, and freshest time o' th' year

"Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself

"With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou

"Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?

"O, quoth the salmon, sister, be at peace;

"Thank Jupiter, we have both past the net,

"Our value never can be truly known,

"Till in the fisher's basket we be shewn.

"I'th' market then my price may be the higher,

"Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire."

So,

So, to great men the moral may be stretched :
Men oft are valu'd high when they're most wretched.

WEBSTER's Unfortunate Duchesse, &c.

W O U N D S.

Like dumb mouths, his wounds
Open'd their ruby lips ?

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.

There Duncan lay :
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look like a breach of Nature,
For Ruin's wasteful entrance.

SHAKESPEARE's Macbeth.

Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet could I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

With many a wound she made her bosom gay ;
Her wounds, like flood-gates, did themselves display,
Thro' which life ran in scarlet streams away.

LEE's Nero.

They made bare their breasts,
Lac'd with long scars, and studded o'er with thrusts,
The noble wardrobe of the scarlet War.

LEE's Milbridates.

Those wounds heal ill that men have given themselves,
Because they give them deepest.

DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.

I've seen him when he has been all over blood ;
And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his praises.

LEE's Theodosius.

W R E T C H. See WANT.

Look who comes here ! A grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

My loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, life can be no mercy.

DRYDEN'S *Marriage A-la-mode*.

My soul is pierc'd ! I'm tortur'd every where !
Behold me a wretch forlorn and poor ;
Imagine every form of misery,
And when you've summ'd up all, then look on me !

OTWAY'S *Alcibiades*.

Where, where is the most wretched of mankind,
This stately image of imperial Sorrow ?
Whose story told, whose very name but mention'd,
Will cool the rage of fevers, and unlock
The hand of Lust from the pale virgin's hair,
And throw the ravisher before her feet.

DRYDEN'S *Oedipus*.

'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy ;
'Tis better not to be, than to be Creon.
A thinking soul is punishment enough ;
But when 'tis great like mine, and wretched too,
Then every thought draws blood.

Ibid.

I'm too unlucky to converse with men !
I'll pack together all my mischiefs up,
Gather with care each little remnant of 'em,
That none of them be left behind. Thus loaded
Fly to some desert, and there let 'em loose,
Where they may never prey upon mankind.

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

I fear

I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

Think you this solitude I now had chosen,
Lest joys just op'ning to my sense, fought here
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause? *Ibid.*

To live, and live a torment to myself!
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come. *Ibid.*

What means all this! why all this stir to plague
A single wretch! If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so!

Ibid.

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier far than me: For I have known
The luscious sweets of Plenty; ev'ry night
Have slept with soft Content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, but wither'd in the ripening.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

How curs'd is my condition! Toss'd and justled
From ev'ry corner: Fortune's common fool!
The jest of rogues, an instrumental ass
For villains to lay loads of shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn! *Ibid.*

I am the centre of all miseries:
What wander from me, leave their proper course,

CROWN'S Darius.

— One whom Heaven forsakes;
One who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing;
And driv'n about the world, like blasted leaves,

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And

And chaff, the sport of adverse winds ; till late
At length imprison'd in some cleft of rock,
Or earth, it rests, and rots to silent dust.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

— To be a dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a state as his ;
He holds down life, as children do a potion
With strong reluctance, and convulsive strugglings,
While his misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

O that my head were laid ! my sad eyes clos'd !
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest !
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then !

Rowe's Jane Shore.

— On the foaming beach,
A miserable figure beck'ning stood,
Horrid and wild, with Famine worn away ;
His plaintive voice, half by the murmuring surge
Absorpt, just reach'd our ears. In Greek he call'd,
And strong adjur'd us by the gentle gods,
That make the wretched their peculiar care,
To bear him thence, from savage solitude,
Into the chearful haunts of men again.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Y O U T H.

THE spring of life, the bloom of gawdy years,
Before the tender nerves had strung his limbs,
And knotted into strength.

SHAKESPEARE's Troilus and Cressida.

Grief

Grief seldom join'd with blooming Youth is seen,
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been.

HOWARD'S Indian Queen.

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky age misguide. *Ibid.*

In the heat of youth
When my blood boil'd, and Nature work'd me high!

LEE'S Alexander.

——— When youthful grace,
And the first down began to shade his face.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

Then heat new bends thy slacken'd nerves again,
And a short youth runs warm in every vein.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

To erring Youth there's some compassion due,
But while with rigour you their crimes pursue,
What's their misfortune is a crime in you.
Hence learn offending children to forgive;
Leave punishment to Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n's prerogative.

SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.

There was a time in the gay spring of life,
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry and chearful, to salute the morn;
When all the day was made of melody.

SOUTHERN'S Fate of Capua.

Youth is unbridled, blind, and void of fear,
Ever determin'd,—deaf to consequence,
And rolling forward upon Pleasure's bias;
All youth is thus.

HILL'S Henry V.

Youth is, ever, apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium, in the wild extreme.

HILL'S Alzira.

——— O permit me
To plead the cause of Youth—Their Virtue oft,

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In Pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd a-while,
 Forgets itself; it sleeps and gaily dreams,
 Till great occasions rouse it: Then all flame
 It walks abroad, with heighten'd soul and vigour,
 And by the change astonishes the world.

THOMSON's Tancred and Sigismunda.

What has gay Youth like thine to do with state?
 Eyeless and dark, amid the gloomy wilds
 Of court intrigue, thou want'st the torch of Time
 To light thee through the mazy curves of power;
 Or, burn Obstruction's fabrics down, before thee.

HILL's Merope.

Z E A L.

FORGIVE me, pardon my mistaken Zeal,
 That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
 To war with the brave prince, to war with Honour.
 Now that my passions give me leave to think;
 The hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd,
 My erring Zeal has suffer'd by a zealot.

THOMSON's Edward and Elconora.

He's tutor'd to accomplish thy design;
 Palmira too, who thinks thy will is Heav'n's,
 Will nerve his arm to execute thy pleasure.
 Love and enthusiasm blind her youth!
 They're still most zealous who're most ignorant.

MILLER's Mahomet.

To do what'er Heav'n gives in sacred charge,
 Nor dare to sound its fathomless decrees,
 This, and this only's meritorious zeal.

Ibid.

Love of my Duty, Nation, and Religion,
 Inspir'd me with the rash accursed Zeal,

To

To perpetrate an act more black, more horrid,
Than e'er the sun cast eye on, than e'er tears
Can cleanse from its foul stain, than e'er sweet Mercy
Can intercede for, or than Hell can punish. *Ibid.*

Zeal in excess is Vice—'tis impious—
Horrid repugnance to the will of Heav'n;
Subversive of each Virtue; foe to all
The tender laws of Charity and Love;
Those laws that raise, and dignify our being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

MURPHY's Alzuma.

To be patient for as more black, more honest,
Than e'er the sun shone on, than e'er the rain
Can wash from its foul face, than e'er the wind
Can scatter the fog, or than I'll can punish.

—
I have seen a vision—
A vision of a world where the will of God
Is done, where the heart is pure, where the soul
Is free, where the love of God is the only law,
Where the light of the sun, and the light of the moon,
And the light of the stars, and the light of the human heart,
Are all one, and all in one.

—
I have seen a vision—
A vision of a world where the will of God
Is done, where the heart is pure, where the soul
Is free, where the love of God is the only law,
Where the light of the sun, and the light of the moon,
And the light of the stars, and the light of the human heart,
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A N
ALPHABETICAL LIST
OF THE
P L A Y S

From whence the Extracts in this Collection
are taken.

With the Names of their Authors.

A N D

Dates of their Appearance.

A.

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
Abdelazar, Tr.	Mrs. Aphra Behn	1671
Abramule, Tr.	Dr. Joseph Trap	1704
Abfolom & Achitophel, T.	John Dryden, Esq;	1685
Admiral of France,	Chapman & Shirley	1620
Adrafta, Tr. C.	Mr. John Jones	1635
Agamemnon, Tr.	Mr. James Thomson	1733
Aglaura, Tr. C.	Sir John Sucklin,	1633
Agrippina, Tr.	John May, Esq;	1628
Albertus Wallienstein, Tr.	Henry Glapthorne	1634
Albion and Albanus, Op.	John Dryden, Esq;	1685
Albovine, Tr.	Sir W. Davenant	1629
Alchymist, C.	Ben. Johnson	1610
Alcibiades, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1675
Alexander and Campaspe, Tr. C.	Mr. John Lylly	1584
	Alex.	

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
Alexander, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1677
Alexander's Feast, M.	John Dryden, Esq;	1694
Alfred, M.	David Mallet, Esq;	1740
Alonzo, Tr.	A. Murphy, Esq;	1773
All Fools, C.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1605
All for Love, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
All's Well that Ends Well, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Almyda, Tr.	Mrs. M——	1707
Alzira, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1736
Alzuma, Tr.	Mr. A. Murphy	1773
Amasis, Tr.	Mr. Charles Marston	1738
Ambitious Stepmother, T.	Nich. Rowe, Esq;	1698
Amphytrion, C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1691
Amyntas, P.	Mr. Tho. Randolph	1668
Anna Bullen, Tr.	Mr. John Banks	1682
Antony and Cleopatra, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Antony and Cleopatra, Tr.	Sir Cha. Sedley	1677
Antiochus, Tr.	Mrs. Wiseman	1706
Antonio and Melida	Mr. J. Marston	1602
Any Thing for love, C.	Mr. Tho. Middleton	1625
Appius and Virginia, Tr.	Mr. John Dennis	1708
Arminius, Tr.	Mr. W. Paterson	1740
As you like it, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Assignation, C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1673
Atheist, C.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1681
Atheist's Tragedy	Mr. Cyril Tourneur	1611
Arhelstan, Tr.	Mr. Brown	1756
Aurengzebe, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1676

B.

Barbarossa, Tr.	Mr. Brown	1755
Bastard, Tr.	Mr. Savage	1552
Beggars Bush, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1637
Belisarius, Tr.	Mr. Philips	1725
Birth of Merlin, Tr. C.	Shakespeare & Rowley	1662
	Blind	

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
Blind Beggar of Bethnel Green	Mr. Rob. Dodsley	1739
Bloody Brothers, Tr.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1639
Boadicea, Tr.	Mr. Richard Glover	1753
Bonduca, Tr.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1635
Bondman	Mr. Massinger,	1638
Bosworth-Field, Tr.	Sir John Beaumont	
Braganza, Tr.	Rob. Jephson, Esq;	1775
Brennoralt, Tr.	Sir John Suckling	1648
Britannia, Op.	Mr. James Thomson	1756
British Enchanters, Op.	Lord Lansdown	1696
Broken Heart, Tr.	Mr. Ford	1633
Brothers, Tr.	Mr. James Shirley	1652
Brothers, Tr.	Dr. Edw. Young	1752
Bufris, Tr.	Dr. Edw. Young	1719
Buffy d'Amboise, Tr.	Mr. George Chapman	1710

C.

Cæsar Borgia, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1680
Cæsar in Egypt, Tr.	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1725
Cæsar and Pompey, Tr.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1632
Caius Marius, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1680
Camilla, Tr.	Mr. Gentleman	
Captain, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	
Captive, Tr.	Mr. Gay	1720
Caractacus, Tr.	Mr. Mason	1759
Cardinal, Tr.	Mr. James Shirley	1652
Case is altered,	Ben Johnson	1611
Cataline, Tr.	Ben Johnson	1611
Cato, Tr.	Joseph Addison, Esq;	1712
Chances, C.	D. of Buckingham	1682
Chaste maid of Cheapside	Mr. Tho. Middleton,	1620
Cheats, C.	Mr. John Wilfon	1671
Chit-Chat, C.	Mr. Killegrew	1722
Christian turn'd Turk, Tr.	Andrew Barker	1609
Choleric Man, C.	R. Cumberland, Esq;	1775

City

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
City Madam, C.	Mr. Massinger	1640
City Match, C.	Dr. Jasper Maine	1639
City Night-Cap, C.	Mr. Rob. Davenport	1661
Circe, Op.	Dr. Cha. Davenant	1677
Claristella, Tr. C.	Mr. Tho. Killegrew	1652
Clementina, Tr.		
Cleone, Tr.	Mr. R. Dodsley	1758
Cleomenes, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1692
Combat of Love & Friend- ship	Dr. Rob. Mead	1654
Comedy of Errors	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Comus, M.	Mr. John Milton,	1634
Conquest of Granada, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Conspiracy, Tr.	Mr. Hen. Killegrew	1638
Conspiracy, Tr.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1608
Constantia, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1684
Constantine, Tr.	Mr. Philip Francis	1754
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses,	Mr. James Shirley	1653
Coriolanus, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1699
Coriolanus, Tr.	Mr. J. Dennis	1720
Coriolanus, Tr.	Mr. James Thomson	1748
Covent-Garden, C.	Mr. Nabbs	1638
Court Secret, C.	Mr. James Shirley	1653
Coxcomb, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1630
Creusa, Tr.	Mr. Will. Whitehead	1754
Cræsus, Tr.	Earl of Stirling	
Cromwell, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1613
Cruel Brother, Tr.	Sir Will. Davenant	1630
Cunning Lovers, C.	Mr. Rob. Broome	1654
Cupid's Whirligig, C.	Mr. E. S.	1616
Custom of the Country, T. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	
Cymbeline, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Cymbeline, Tr.	Rev. Mr. Hawkins	1759
Cynthia's Revels	Ben Johnson	1600
Cyrus, Tr.	Mr. Banks	1696
	Darius,	

D.

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
Darius, Tr.	Mr. John Crowne	1688
Dione, P. Tr.	Mr. John Gay	1720
Disappointment, Op.	Mr. Tho. Southern	1684
Distressed Mother, Tr.	Ambrose Philips, Esq;	1713
Distresses, Tr. C.	Sir Will. Davenant	1673
Don Carlos, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1679
Don Sebastian, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1690
Double Marriage, T.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Douglas, Tr.	Mr. Home	1769
Duchess of Malfy, Tr.	Mr. John Webster	1623
Duke of Guise, Tr.	Dryden and Lee	1683
Duke of Lerma, Tr.	Sir Rob. Howard	1668
Duke of Milan, C.	Mr. Massinger	1623
Duke's Mistress, T. C.	Mr. James Shirley,	1638
Dutch Courtezan, C.	Mr. J. Marston	1605

E.

Earl of Essex, Tr.	Mr. Hen. Jones	1753
Earl of Warwick, Tr.	Mr. Tolson	1721
Earl of Warwick, T. C.	Ben Johnson	1655
Earl of Warwick, Tr.	Mr. Brooke	1759
Eastward Hoe, C.	Chapman, Johnson, and Marston	1605
Edward & Eleonora, Tr.	Mr. James Thomson	1736
Edward the Black Prince, Tr.	Mr. Will. Shirley	1750
Edgar and Emeline, Tr.	Mr. Hawkesworth	1761
Edwin, Tr.	Geo. Jeffreys, Esq;	1724
Elder Brother, Tr.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1629
Elfrida,	Mr. Mason	1732
Elmirick, Tr.	Mr. Geo. Lillo	1740
Elvira, Tr.	David Mallet, Esq;	1763
Emperor of the East, T. C.	Mr. Massinger	1632
Endymion, C.	Mr. J. Lilly	

Every

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Every Man in his Humour, C.	Ben Johnson	1598
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Eugenia, Tr.	Mr. Ph. Francis	1752
Euridice, Tr.	David Mallet, Esq;	1731
F.		
Fair Captive, Tr.	Mrs. Eliz. Haywood	1719
Fair Favourite, C.	Sir W. Davenant	1673
Fair Inconstant, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1709
Fair Maid of the Inn, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1629
Fair Penitent, Tr.	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	1703
Fair Quarrel, C.	Mr. T. Middleton	1617
Faithful Shepherd,	D. D. Gent.	1695
Faithful Shepherdess	Mr. J. Fletcher	1629
Fall of Man	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Fall of Mortimer, Tr.	John Bancroft	1729
Fall of Saguntum, Tr.	Philip Frowde, Esq;	1727
False Delicacy, C.	Mr. Hugh Kelly	1775
Family of Love, C.	Mr. T. Middleton	1608
Fancy Chaste and Noble, Tr. C.	Mr. John Ford	1630
Fatal Contract, Tr.	Mr. J. W. Hemings	1653
Fatal Divorce, Tr.	Mr. Ch. Gildon	1698
Fatal Dowry, Tr.	Maffinger and Field	1632
Fatal Discovery, Tr.		1698
Fatal Love, Tr.	Sidney & Wandesford	1730
Fatal Marriage, Tr.	Mr. Joseph Haynes	1696
Fatal Vision, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1716
Fate of Capua, Tr.	Mr. T. Southern	1700
Fawn	Mr. John Marston	1606
Footman, Op.		1732
Force of Friendship, Tr.	Mr. Ch. Johnson	1710
Frederick Duke of Brunswick, Tr.	Mrs. Eliz. Haywood	1728

Gallathea,

G.

<i>Names of the Plays.</i>	<i>Authors Names.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
Gallathea, C.	Mr. John Lilly	1592
Gamesters	Mr. W. Shirley	1758
Generous Conqueror, Tr.	Mr. Bevil Higgons	1702
Gloriana, Tr.	Mr. Nat. Lee	1676
Goblins, Tr. C.	Sir John Suckling	1648
Gondibert, C.	Sir W. Davenant	
Governor of Cyprus, Tr.	Mr. John Oldmixon	1703
Grecian Daughter, Tr.	Arthur Murphy, Esq;	1772
Greenwich Park, C.	Mr. W. Mountford	1691
Gustavus Vasa, Tr.	Henry Brooke, Esq;	1739
Guardian, Tr.		

H.

Hamlet, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1608
Hannibal and Scipio, Tr.	Mr. T. Nabbs	1635
Hannibal's Overthrow, Tr.	Mr. Nat. Lee	1678
Henry II. Tr.	Mr. May	1693
Henry IV. in 2 Parts, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1599
Henry IV. of France, Tr.	Mr. C. Beckingham	1720
Henry V. Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Henry V. Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1723
Henry VI. Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Henry VII. Tr.	Mr. C. Macklin	1746
Henry VIII.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	
Heroic Love, Tr.	Lord Lansdown	1696
Honest Man's Fortune, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Honest Whore, C.	Mr. Decker	1635
Humourous Lieutenant,	Beaumont & Fletcher	1699
Humphrey Duke of Glou- cester, Tr.	Mr. Ambrose Philips	1722
Hymen's Triumphs, Tr. C.	Mr. Samuel Daniel	1623

Jana

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Jane Grey, Tr.	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	1715
Jane Shore, Tr.	The same Author	1713
Jealous Lovers, C.	Mr. T. Randolph	1668
Jew of Venice, C.	Lord Lansdown	1701
Imperial Captives, Tr.	Mr. John Mottley	1720
Indian Emperor, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1670
Indian Queen, Tr.	Sir Robert Howard	1665
Insolvent, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1758
Injured Innocence, Tr.	Mr. W. Bellers	1709
Innocent Murderer, Tr.	Mr. John Cooke	1743
Iphigenia, Tr.	Mr. J. Dennis	1700
Irene, Tr.	Mr. George Goring	1708
Irene, Tr.	Mr. S. Johnson	1749
Island Princess, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Isle of Gulls, C.	Mr. John Day	1606
Julius Cæsar, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1623
Junius Brutus.	Mr. W. Duncombe	1735

K.

King and no King, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1619
King Arthur, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1691
King Charles I. Tr.	Mr. W. Havard	1737
King John, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1591
King John, Tr.	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1745
King Lear, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1608
King Lear, Tr.	Mr. Nahum Tate	1687
King of Naples, Tr.	Mr. George Powell	1691
Knights of Malta, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679

L.

Lady's Errant, Tr. C.	Mr. W. Cartwright	1657
Lady's Trial, Tr. C.	Mr. John Forde	1639
Law against Lovers, Tr. C.	Sir W. Davenant	
Law Tricks, C.	Mr. John Daye	1608
Laws of Candy, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1680
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Liberty asserted, Tr.	Mr. John Dennis	1704
Little French Lawyer, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Looking-Glass for England, Tr. C.	Mr. T. Lodge	1598
Love and Ambition, Tr.	Mr. James Darcy	1732
Love and Duty, Tr.	Mr. Sturmy	1721
Love's Labour Lost, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1598
Love in a Tub, C.	Sir G. Etherege	1669
Love in the Dark, C.	Sir F. Fane	1675
Lovers Melancholy, Tr. C.	Mr. John Ford	1629
Love's Cruelty, Tr.	Mr. James Shirley	1640
Love's Labyrinth, Tr. C.	Mr. John Ford	1660
Love's Loadstone, C.		1630
Love Triumphant, Tr. C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1694
Lover's Progress, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Loyal Brother, Tr.	Mr. T. Southern	1682
Loyal General, Tr.	Mr. Nahum Tate	1680
Loyal Subject, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	
Lucius Junius Brutus, Tr.	Mr. Nat. Lee	1681
Lying Lover, C.	Sir Richard Steele	1704

M.

Macbeth, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1604
Mad Lover, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Mahomet, Tr.	Rev. Mr. J. Miller	1744
Maid of Honour, Tr. C.	Mr. Ph. Massinger	1632
Maiden Queen, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1679
Maid's Revenge, Tr.	Mr. J. Shirley	1639
Maid's Tragedy	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Mariamne, Tr.	Mr. Eliza Fenton	1723
Marriage A-la-mode, C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1673
Martial Maid, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Massacre of Paris, Tr.	Mr. Nat. Lee	1690
Matilda, Tr.	Rev. Dr. Franklin	1775
May Day, C.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1611
Mayor of Queenboro', C.	Mr. T. Middleton	1661

Measure

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Medæa, Tr.	Mr. Cha. Johnson	1731
Merchant of Venice	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Merope, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1749
Midas, C.	Mr. John Lilly	1632
Microcosmo, M.	Mr. Tho. Nabbs	1637
Midsummer Nights Dream, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Mithridates, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1679
Mirza, Tr.	Mr. Rob. Baron	1647
Monfieur D' Olive, C.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1606
Monfieur Thomas, C.	Mr. John Fletcher	1639
Mourning Bride, Tr.	Will. Congreve, Esq;	1697
Much ado about Nothing, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Mulasses the Turk, Tr.	Mr. John Mason	1610
Muses Looking Glass, C.	Mr. Tho. Randolph	1681
Mustapha, Tr.	Lord Brooke	1633
Mustapha, Tr.	David Mallet, Esq;	1739

N.

Nero, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1675
New Inn, Co.	Ben Johnson	1631
News from Plymouth, C.	Sir Will. Davenant	1673
Noble Kindsman, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	
Noble Spanish Soldier, Tr.	Mr. Sam. Rawley	1643
Noble Stranger, C.	Mr. Lewis Sharpe	1640

O.

Oedipus, Tr.	Dryden and Lee	1679
Old Bachelor, C.	W. Congreve, Esq;	1693
Oldcastle Sir John	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1600
Old Couple, C.	Mr. Tho. May	1651
Ordinary, C.	Mr. W. Cartwright	1651
Orphan in China	Mr. Murphy	1766
Oroonoko, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Southern	1696
Orphan, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1680

Osman

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Othello, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1612
Overbury, Sir Tho. Tr.	Mr. Rich. Savage	1724

P.

Palemon and Arcite, C.	Mr. Rich. Edwards	1585
Palemon and Arcite, C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1677
Paricide, Tr.	Mr. W. Shirley	1739
Periander, Tr.	Mr. John Tracy	1731
Perjur'd Husband, Tr.	Mrs. Sus. Centlivre	1702
Perolla and Izadora, Tr.	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1706
Phædra & Hippolytus, Tr.	Mr. Edw. Smith	1707
Phoenix, Tr. C.	Mr. Tho. Middleton	1706
Philaster, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1628
Philip of Macedon, Tr.	Mr. Lewis	1727
Philotas, Tr.	Mr. Ph. Frowde	1731
Platonic Lovers	Sir W. Davenant	1630
Poetaster, C.	Ben Johnson	1602
Politician, Tr.	Mr. James Shirley	1655
Princess of Cleve, Tr. C.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1689
Princess of Parma,	Mr. H. Smith	1699
Pyrrhus, Tr.	Mr. Cha. Hopkins	1695

Q.

Queen of Corinth, Tr.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1673
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R.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, Tr.	Dr. Geo. Sewel	1719
Regicide, Tr.	Dr. Smollett	1749
Regulus, Tr.	Mr. W. Havard	1744
Revenge, Tr.	Dr. Edw. Young	1712
Revenge of Honour, Tr.	Mr. Geo. Chapman	1654
Revengeful Queen, Tr.	Mr. W. Phillips	1698
Revenge Tragedy,	Mr. Cyril Tourneur	1608
Rewards of Virtue, C.	Mr. John Fountain	1661
Richard II. Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1598
Richard III. Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1597
Richard III. Tr.	Colley Cibber	1720
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Rival Queens, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1679
Rivals, C.	— Sheridan, Esq;	1775
Rollo, Tr.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1639
Roman Father, Tr.	Mr. W. Whitehead	1750
Roman Revenge, Tr.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1753
Romeo and Juliet, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1599
Royal Convert, Tr.	Nich. Rowe, Esq;	1707
Royal King, Tr. C.	Mr. Tho. Haywood	1637
S.		
Sacrifice, Tr.	Sir Francis Fane	1686
Sad One, Tr.	Sir John Suckling	
Saint Patrick	Mr. Shirley	1640
Sampson Agonistes,	Mr. John Milton	1680
Scanderbeg, Tr.	Mr. W. Havard	1731
Scipio Africanus, Tr.	Mr. C. Beckingham	1717
Scowerers, C.	Tho. Shadwell, Esq;	1691
Sea Voyage, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Secret Love, Tr. C.	John Dryden	1679
Sejanus, Tr.	Mr. Fra. Gentleman	1731
Sejanus, Tr.	Ben. Johnson	1605
Sethona, Tr.	Col. A. Dove, Esq;	1774
She-Gallants, C.	Lord Lansdown	1696
Siege, Tr. C.	Mr. W. Cartwright	1641
Siege of Damascus, Tr.	Mr. John Hughs	1720
Siege of Rhodes	Sir Will. Davenant	1663
Silent Woman, C.	Ben. Johnson	1610
Sisters, C.	Mrs. Char. Lennox	1769
Sister, C.	Mr. James Shirley	1652
Socrates	Amyas Bute, Esq;	1758
Soldier's Fortune, C.	Mr. Tho. Otway	1681
Sophonisba, Tr.	Mr. J. Thomson	1730
Sophonisba, Tr.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1669
Sophonisba, Tr.	Mr. J. Marston	1633
Sophy, Tr.	Sir John Denham	1671
Spanish Curate, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
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Spanish Friar, Tr. C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1682
Spartan Dame, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Southern	1681
Staple of News	Ben. Johnson	1631
State of Innocence, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Successful Pirate, C.	Mr. Cha. Johnson	1712
Successful Strangers, C.	Mr. W. Mountford	1600
Sultaneſs, Tr.	Mr. Cha. Johnson	1717
Surprifal, Tr. C.	Sir Rob. Howard	1667

T

Tamerlane, Tr.	Nich. Rowe, Esq;	1702
Taming the Shrew, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1607
Tancred & Sigismunda, T.	Mr. J. Thomson	1744
Tempeſt, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1594
Tempeſt, C.	John Dryden, Esq;	1676
Themistocles, Tr.	Mr. Madden	1726
Theodofius, T.	Mr. Nath. Lee	1686
Timoleon, Tr.	Mr. Ben. Martyn	1770
Timon of Athens, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1685
Timon of Athens, Tr.	Mr. Cumberland	1727
Titus Andronicus, Tr.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1596
Traitor, Tr.	Mr. James Shirley	1635
Treacherous Brother, Tr.	Mr. Geo. Powell	1660
Triphon, C.	Earl of Oronsaye	1633
Triumphs of Love & Honour, Tr.	Mr. Tho. Cooke	1737
Troilus & Cressida, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1679
Twelfth Night, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1685
Two Gent. of Verona, C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1602
Tyrannic Love, Tr.	John Dryden, Esq;	1679

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Virgin Queen, Tr.	Mr. Rich. Barford	1729
Virginia, Tr.	Mr. Crisp	1754
Ulysses, Tr.	Nich. Rowe, Esq;	1706
Unfortunate Duchess, Tr.	Mr. Webster	1708
Unnatural Brother	Mr. Edward Filmer	1697
Unnatural Combat	Mr. P. Massinger	1622
Volpone, C.	Ben. Johnson	1605

W.

Wedding Day, C.	Hen. Fielding, Esq;	1742
Wedding of Covent-Garden	Mr. Rich. Broome	1658
West Indian, C.	Mr. Cumberland	1771
What you will, C.	Mr. John Marston	1633
White Devil, Tr.	Mr. J. Webster	1612
Wife for a Month, Tr. C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1679
Wife in the Right, C	Mrs. Griffiths	1772
Wife of Bath, C.	Mr. John Gay	1723
Wife's Relief, C.	Mr. Cha. Johnson	1711
Witty fair One, C.	Mr. James Shirley	1633
Wit without Money, C.	Beaumont & Fletcher	1639
Winters Tale, Tr. C.	Mr. W. Shakespeare	1636
Word to the Wise, C.	Hugh Kelly, Esq;	1773
Woman Hater, C	Fletcher & Swalman	1649
Woman kill'd by Kindness	Mr. Tho. Heywood	1617
Woman beware of Woman	Mr. M. d. leton	1704

Y.

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Z.

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Zenobia, Tr.	A. Murphy, Esq;	1773
Zingis, Tr.	Col. Alex. Dow, Esq;	1769
Zobeide,	Mr. J. Cradock	1771

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